

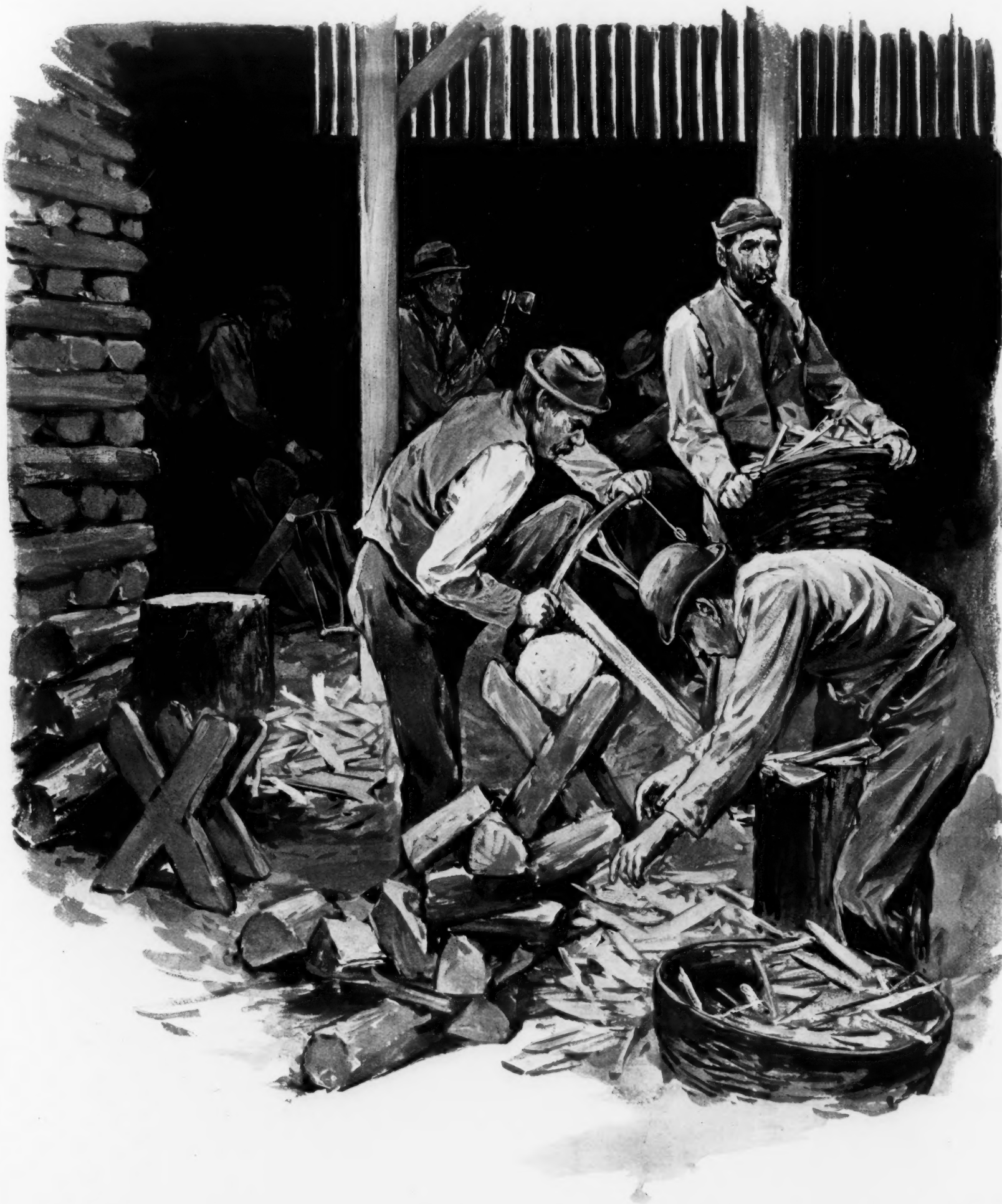
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE DISTRESS IN NEW YORK CITY.

A PRACTICAL CHARITY—MEN SAWING WOOD AT THE WAYFARER'S LODGE, 516 WEST TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET, IN EXCHANGE FOR FOOD AND SHELTER.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 22.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

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Republican Reorganization.

THE movement for the reorganization of the Republican party in this city is making steady and gratifying progress. The rank and file have taken hold of the work in thorough earnest, and are manifesting an interest in its details which attests most conclusively their conviction as to its necessity and their discontent with the existing order of affairs. As was to be expected, some of the discredited party bosses are resisting the movement with all the means at their control, and in some districts they may succeed in holding their following against the adoption of the plan of reorganization. Others of the so-called leaders, however, recognizing the depth and intensity of the party feeling, have concluded that it would be unwise to antagonize it, and will fall into line with more or less sincerity of purpose.

It goes without saying that any reorganization which perpetuates to any extent, or in any way, the authority and influence of the men who have brought the party to its present condition will prove utterly unsatisfactory to the great body of Republican voters. If reform is to be thorough and complete, new agencies must be used to accomplish the result. The better impulses of the party must have full and perfect recognition. The good old ship must be cleaned of barnacles of every sort, and all traitors among the crew must be thrown overboard. On this point there must be no compromise or thought of compromise. There is capacity enough and honesty enough in the Republican party of New York to assure wise and loyal leadership, and a coherent, effective organization, which will be incapable of subordination to personal uses or of bargaining with Tammany, and these must be summoned to the front. There is ground for hope that this will be done, but nothing must be taken for granted; the conscience and the intelligence of the party must assert themselves, alertly and vigorously, until the actual result is attained.

The McKane Stay.



THE stay granted in the case of McKane affords another illustration of the flexibility which marks the administration of law in this ring-ridden State. Justice Barnard, who is generally believed to be one of our ablest and most conscientious jurists, with a pretty thorough knowledge of the law and of his authority under it, after a full hearing of the charges and evidence against McKane adjudged him to be guilty of contempt and sentenced him to jail and the payment of a fine. Justice Cullen, to whom McKane appealed for a stay, grants it for the reason, as he says, that he has some flickering doubt as to Justice Barnard's jurisdiction; and the result is that the criminal will be free until the case is disposed of by the general term of the Supreme Court, some time in February next.

Now, granting that Justice Cullen's decision is the result of honest conviction, and we suppose it to be so, the fact remains that it will embolden violators of the law now under arraignment, and encourage intending criminals to the commission of offenses in the belief that the machinery of justice can be so manipulated as to protect them from punishment. We know it will be said that every man under accusation is entitled to the benefit of any existing doubt, but society also has some rights and some claim to consideration; and it looks oddly to see a judge going, however honestly, outside of the argument presented before him in an important case, as Judge Cullen confessedly does, to find a ground of action favorable to the culprit. If the point raised by him as to the power of an equity court to interfere in a public election is a good and valid one, it is curious, to say the least, that the astute counsel of McKane did not present and enforce it. Raised as it is now by Judge Cullen, it will, no doubt, be made the basis of their appeal to the higher court; that is to say, the judge upon the bench, in his great solicitude for the maintenance of the integrity of lawful procedure, has put into the hands of counsel, gratuitously, an argument which may be used to delay if not to defeat the execution of law. It is just this battledore and shuttlecock process in the administration of the law which not only brings contempt upon

the courts, but reduces to a minimum their usefulness as defenses against vice and crime. We ought to understand that there can be no safety for the public morals, no protection against the criminal classes, so long as the judicial branch of the government reflects the lower rather than the higher public sentiment; and that if we are ever to escape the domination of the insolent political bullies who now plunder and oppress us, we must elevate the courts, in point both of moral and intellectual equipment, so high that no political pressure can ever reach or influence them. We have capable and upright judges, men who cannot be seduced by any consideration from the straightforward performance of duty; but we have others, some here in this metropolis, who are utterly unworthy of the dignities and totally unfit for the responsibilities of their office, and these should and must be unloaded. The constitutional convention will fail in its duty if it neglects to propose such amendments as will prevent hereafter the intrusion of unsavory and incompetent men into the judicial office.

The Popularizing of English Local Government.



THE Parish Councils bill, the measure which has engaged the English Parliament throughout the extra winter session, is noteworthy in several respects. Perhaps the most interesting feature about it is the fact that it is the final measure in a series of local government reforms which was begun as far back as 1835. When the present century opened, the House of Commons in no sense represented the English people. It was elected by the great landlords and by constituencies which were small, exclusive, and corrupt. Hundreds of thousands of Englishmen, and among them thousands of men of established position in the commercial and manufacturing world, had no voice whatever in its election. In the government of the counties and the municipalities matters were no better. In the counties the squirearchy was dominant, and the common people had neither voice nor influence in the local government. In the boroughs matters were even worse. It was never suggested that the squires, who were supreme in the counties, were corrupt. They were autocratic and overbearing, for there was no public opinion to check them. But it was never insinuated that they plundered the county treasuries, or in any way misappropriated the public funds. In the towns things were different. Under the old charters the administration of the municipalities fell into the hands of cliques, and was kept there to the detriment of anything approximating to good government, and the public funds were systematically misspent and often deliberately plundered.

In 1832 Parliament was reformed, and its election placed on something approaching a popular basis. Three years later the reformed Parliament, in which the middle classes were now an influence, set about reforming local government. It reformed the administration of the municipalities, and gave England its present admirable system of municipal government. But at this point Parliament stopped. It made no attempt to overthrow the rule of the squirearchy in the rural communities, and it was not until 1888, after the two additional reform acts of 1867 and 1884, that Parliament set up a system of popular government in the counties. No really good reason can be adduced for this delay of half a century in equalizing local government in the towns and in the counties, except an extreme care for the landed interest, and the great and powerful influence the landed classes had in English politics up to ten years ago. The act of 1884 almost entirely disestablished the squire, and in place of the meetings of the squires in quarter sessions for the administration of local government outside of large towns, the act established popularly elected county councils, for which all householders, whether men or women, now have votes. These county councils embrace the counties as a whole, excluding always the large towns, which enjoy a democratic government of their own under the act of 1835.

After the county councils were established the squire was still left with considerable influence in the administration of the affairs of the small towns and villages. The government of these places was largely through the vestry meetings held in the parish churches, and in these meetings both the squire and the Church of England parson had much power. In many places they and a few large tenant-farmers were practically dominant, the laboring population being entirely ignored. This rule of the squire and the parson in the small rural communities will now come to an end, and henceforward in all matters of local government the rural laborer will be on an equality with his employer, and there will remain no community in England, no matter how small or how remote, without its popularly elected council for the discharge of the functions of local government.

To these new parish councils are to be delegated powers almost as wide and ample as those enjoyed by a New England town meeting, or under any other form of town government in the smaller communities in this country.

In some respects these powers are more extensive, but, on the other hand, these new parish councils are not to administer the laws in regard to poor relief and to education.

The establishing of these new councils is another proof of the slowness and deliberateness with which constitutional reforms are made in England. It took three acts of Parliament, passed in the course of fifty-two years, to make England a democracy, and it has taken fifty-nine years to place town and country Englishmen on the same democratic level, as regards local government.

One other feature about the District and Parish Councils bill should be noted. It adds two more to the existing local governing bodies for which women householders may now vote, and brings the total number up to six. These are town councils, school boards, boards of guardians for the relief of the poor, and county, district, and parish councils. In the matter of women's suffrage the pace of the reformers has been somewhat accelerated, for it was not until 1869 that women were given a place in municipal politics. English women cannot complain that the modern movement in their favor has been slow or lacking in thoroughness. Out of the six local administrative bodies for which they may now vote they are eligible as members for four—the school boards, the boards of guardians, and the parish and district councils.

A Silly Fashion.



THE Prince of Wales is responsible for a good many things which contravene the canons of good taste and good morals, but none of the fashions he has set is more open to criticism than that of the elbow style of hand-shaking. It is said that this fashion had its origin in the circumstance that the Prince, being afflicted with a boil somewhere in his anatomy, was unable to indulge himself in a genuine, honest hand-clasp, and so resorted to the gentle vibration of the elbow and dainty touch of the finger-tips which has now become so common among ultra-caddish folk. The boil, although painful and annoying, is generally supposed to serve a useful purpose in relieving the system of unhealthy humors. It was never known before to have in it the core of a social function. Even Job, who perhaps was even richer in the matter of boils than in camels and cattle, never pretended that his affliction was meant to suggest the fashions for his sympathizing friends. But Job, though one of the great men of his time, was not a prince or heir-apparent, and could hardly be expected to assume the attributes of sovereignty, even as to the pettiest usages of society. Only a prince of the realm could do that.

It may be that the Prince of Wales had no thought of the iconoclastic influence which his abnormal hand-shake would exert upon the dudes of Christendom. We will give him the benefit of the doubt. But, all the same, he is responsible for the introduction of a fashion which has nothing whatever to commend it to Americans. The American hand-shake is characteristic. It is a sign of good breeding, indicative of good-will, kindness, and pleasurable emotion. Whether as an act of greeting or of farewell, it expresses friendship, and in either case it is distinguished by cordial heartiness. The heart beats in the outstretched palm. There is nothing of this, but merely vulgar affectation, in the grotesque crook of the elbow and the feeble oscillation of the hand which came in with the boil of his Royal Highness. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the spectacle of two silly people waving their arms and fluttering their digits at each other at about the elevation of their shoulders by way of salutation. If a lot of monkeys in the Central Park menagerie were advertised to perform feats as absurd and unnatural, there would not be room for the people who would flock to see the exhibition. Perhaps the men and women who practice this modern fad may not be aware of it, but their contortions are just as amusing to sensible people as any performance of the monkeys could possibly be.

FRANK LESLIE'S advice to all its readers as to this fashion can be expressed in two sentences. Whenever a man or woman proffers you a "shake" in this manner, just decline it. Give yourself, to everybody an honest, real, hearty clasp of the hand. But do not permit friend or foe to beguile you into making an ass of yourself by adopting a form of salutation which owes its existence to some vagrant protoplasm in the disordered blood of a not over-nice foreign prince.

The New State Democracy.

WILL Mr. Cleveland give his encouragement and support to the movement for the creation of a new State Democracy in New York? This is the question which is now agitating political circles in this metropolis.

The object of this movement is to rescue the party from the domination of its disreputable elements, as represented by the Tammany and Hill machines. It has the support of a large body of influential Democrats who feel that the time has come to restore Democratic forms and methods in the party management, and who realize that the party's future must be one of disaster unless this result is achieved.

It was naturally supposed that Mr. Cleveland, who has posed as an apostle of pure politics, and who has on some occasions indicated a spirit of hostility to the Tammany organization, would be eager to manifest his sympathy with any movement which proposes the elimination of its pernicious control. There are some indications, however, that he is not disposed to encourage any attempt to break down what is regarded as the regular party organization. It is even intimated that he is prepared to extend the olive-branch to Senator Hill, and that he may presently recognize Tammany in appointments which are yet to be made. It is stated positively in some quarters that he has been in communication with the Tammany chiefs through personal representatives, and there seems to be a conviction among the leaders of the new movement that they will find him in actual antagonism.

It is not impossible that this may prove to be the case. But it is certain that, however this may be, the movement will go on. The men who have committed themselves to it are thoroughly in earnest, and, with or without the sympathy of the President, will prosecute an aggressive warfare against the corrupt and demoralizing influences which have brought the party in this State to its present disintegrated condition. Already steps have been taken for reorganizing the party in Kings County, in Buffalo, and elsewhere; and there is every reason to believe that before the next election it will attain formidable proportions. In some parts of the State, undoubtedly, it will be able to dominate the party organization.

It is in this city, however, that it should make itself chiefly felt. If conducted along honest lines with reference to the achievement of reforms in the municipal department, without too close reference to partisan considerations, it ought to be able to contribute largely to the overthrow of the existing régime. Its leaders must understand that any attempt to build a new machine for purely partisan purposes in city affairs will prejudice their movement with the people and endanger its success. But if they are willing, while seeking in the State at large the purification of the party, to use their influence as to municipal matters on non-partisan lines, uniting with all other friends of good government in an effort to that end, they can so commend themselves to popular support, and so indicate their integrity of purpose, as to become a very potent factor in public affairs.

Whatever may be the course of the new State Democracy in this particular, the fact that so large and influential an element of the Democratic party has finally broken loose from the autocratic control of the bosses and committed itself to a crusade in behalf of popular rule, is cause for congratulation among all friends of reform. In Tammany circles it is regarded, not unnaturally, with feelings of an entirely different sort.

Fair Play for Jack.



NOT long ago we reviewed our battle-ships. The interest of the country still turns toward them. We have ordered more. But what about the sailors?

It is easy to produce ships; but are we holding out inducements which will make men of a desirable kind seek the navy for a satisfactory career? At present we are chiefly dependent on those who drift into the receiving-ships after tailing elsewhere.

It is too true that Jack, whose occupation necessitates bravery, activity, and skill, is always discriminated against when others are in competition for wages. When, the naval mechanics, such as blacksmiths and boiler-makers, receive from forty-five to seventy dollars per month, Jack is restless when paid only twenty-four dollars. Why should a man who can clinch a rivet be considered three times more valuable than those who reef topsails in gales of wind at the peril of their lives?

The qualities which brought glory to the older navies are at a discount when in competition with a small mechanical ability. We question the advisability of making Jack feel that he is the last person on the ship to be considered. The reduction of sails on the most modern men-of-war reduces the number of sailors required in a ship's complement; but it will be remembered that, with the exception of the English vessels, nearly all those which took part in the Columbian review were under full ship rig, and that in many countries it is desired that war vessels be completely manageable under canvas. For the manning of crafts taken as prizes, and in other ways, it is necessary that naval sailors be competent to handle a merchantman.

But, outside of the question of the more conspicuous necessities, in the constitution of a successful navy, sentiment cannot be ignored. No matter who may smile at it, sentiment is priceless. In his own way Jack has always been full of it. It is in the nature of a true sailor to be so. This and early love for the sea and adventure have filled the training-ships and produced the best navies of the world. And it is sentiment that fights the ship till all's blue when your seventy-dollar mechanic finds wages no better on a fighting day, and is hunting for a safe spot down around the keelson,

History teaches that victories are won by those who are ready to sell their lives for a sentiment—to dare anything in fanatic ecstasy for flag, faith, or fatherland. Men do not sell their lives for wages. Mechanics are not sailors, and never will be. We hope the United States will not have cause to rue the shutting out of that element which has always done so much to make Jack the right bower of his country. It is true that the most sterling qualities are not bought by increase of wages, but good horses and dogs and men are all the same on one point: they do their best when made to feel their value and encouraged. There is no use expecting heroism when the ordinary promptings toward it have been excluded.

Another point. Why is he forced to pay for his own dunnage when the soldier's is supplied free? The cost of Jack's whole outfit is deducted from his pay. Ten dollars for a pilot coat, seven dollars for a pair of trousers, three dollars for a shirt, two dollars for a cap badge-ribbon. These heavy prices keep him poor for long. If he be changed to another ship, in which the uniform is different, he is forced to take the new kind at further expense.

This is a mistake. The sense of being bound to country is reduced when its defenders are forced to buy its uniform. They must feel that they wear their vows in their clothes. They should know that the fighting garb of one's country is as honorable in a sense as the livery of God.

But what enlistment from the ordinary ranks of life will realize this when the country to which he devotes his life refuses to even clothe him? We can build ships; but that is not all. Jack must be offered a reasonably satisfactory career and more equal rights with those who are not more valuable than he is.

Topics of the Week.

THE Philadelphia Record facetiously remarks, as to the Hawaiian affair, that "the restoration of the queen being out of the question, indemnity may be properly considered." The suggestion is perfectly logical. If Mr. Cleveland believes, as he says, that the queen was deposed and the provisional government set up by the active intervention of the United States, then he is bound, as a just and honest man, to recommend that the queen be indemnified for the wrong we have done her. Possibly he is reserving this recommendation for a special message.

THE past year appears to have been an unfortunate one for many of the industries of Great Britain. The returns for the first eleven months of the year show a decline of \$87,500,000 in imports and of \$32,500,000 in exports, as compared with the same period in 1892. Something of this decline is due to the great coal strike, which affected injuriously some important industries, but the figures indicate that other and permanent influences are operating to produce, in some directions, a decadence of the general trade of the nation. The newspaper comments on the situation disclose an expectation that the proposed repeal of the McKinley Tariff act will result in the rehabilitation of British industries, and their confidence in this respect is undoubtedly well founded. It is difficult to understand how any American legislator with a grain of patriotism can reconcile himself to the support of a policy which, judged by all the experience of the past, must result inevitably to our own disadvantage.

THE churches of this city are showing commendable activity and liberality in their ministrations for the relief of the widely prevalent distress among the poor and unemployed. In some localities a number of them, of all denominations, have combined for work, which is done by regularly constituted committees; in other districts individual churches look after the needy within their particular parish limits; and altogether a vast amount of assistance is being afforded. It is difficult to see why every church organization should not have its permanent relief system, including one or more competent physicians, competent nurses for the care of the sick, and stewards specially charged with the care of the poor and unfortunate. The fact is that very many churches are singularly neglectful of their duty in this particular, and much of the distrust with which they are regarded by the unfortunate classes undoubtedly has its source in this fact. It is to be hoped that they may overcome this prejudice by getting into living touch with the miserable and wretched.

THE address recently issued to the Knights of Labor by the new general master workman reveals the existence of a peril of which, we suspect, few of us have had any suspicion. The grand master declares that he "feels warranted in asserting that civil liberty in this country will die within the next seven years, unless the Knights of Labor or some such organization come to the rescue." We were conscious of many evils in our national life which are full of menace, but we had not dreamed that the preservation of civil liberty in the land depends upon any such narrow chance as is here set forth. Whence does the grand master get the revelation that enables him to speak with such particularity? Why just seven years of life? Lieutenant Totten, when he gives the world a

prediction, supplies the figures upon which he bases his conclusions. Why does not Grand Master Sovereign imitate this good example, and so enable the country to judge intelligently as to the accuracy of his prophecy? Until he does this we must be permitted to doubt both his sincerity and his prophecy. No man who expects the Knights of Labor, as now constituted, and with the present tendency of the order to destroy all individual freedom, to save anything, not excepting itself, is likely to be taken seriously by anybody with an ounce of brains.

THE condition of the Treasury is becoming a matter of serious concern. The cash balance has reached the lowest figure ever attained, being now \$88,000,000, as against a total balance at the beginning of the fiscal year of \$122,500,000. The gold reserve is now only \$82,000,000. As there is no probability of an increase of receipts during the winter or early spring, and as the January disbursements are always the heaviest of the year, including nearly \$6,000,000 for interest and a considerable amount for sugar bounties in addition to the ordinary monthly expenditures, it is easy to see that the Treasury officials have a difficult task before them. Treasury experts figure, upon the basis of possible receipts and expenditures, a net loss for January of at least \$12,000,000, which would leave a net balance at the close of the month of only \$76,000,000. The situation is aggravated by the fact that many accounts which are due but have been suspended or postponed must be presently paid, and by the further fact that no legislation which may be enacted by Congress will afford relief for some time to come.

THE indictment of some eighty or ninety election officials of this city on charges of fraud in connection with the last election affords a gratifying proof of the power of public opinion. There has not been an election for many years which has not been marked by frauds just as ostentatious and iniquitous as those perpetrated last November, but few if any of the offenders were ever brought to book or made to suffer the penalty of their crimes. The officials whose duty it was to proceed against them studiously ignored their offense, and the public acquiesced in the scandalous betrayal of their interests, with only now and then a feeble protest. But with the quickening of the public conscience, as manifested in the results of the last election, the delinquent officials realize that it would be dangerous to palter any longer with the violators of the ballot-box, and so we have a wonderful display of activity all along the line. A good many old offenders appear to have been caught in the drag-net, and the indications are that they will be punished, but it is notable that most of the big rascals—the district and other bosses, who are really responsible for the frauds which have made our elections a farce—have managed to escape. Whether this is intentional, the result of "arrangements" with the officials of the law, or merely accidental, is not yet apparent. This, however, is certain. The people will not be content with any compromise on this question of purifying our elections; they demand that the evil shall be extinguished absolutely, and they will find small cause for satisfaction in any outcome which leaves unscathed the instigators of organized crimes against the ballot.

THERE are a good many Democratic members of Congress who dislike the Wilson Tariff bill and would be glad to see it defeated. For the most part they represent manufacturing districts, which would be most injuriously affected by the proposed measure. Employers and employees alike protest against its passage, and menace every Representative who may support it with their sore displeasure. One of the most prominent Democratic opponents of the bill is Hon. Charles D. Haines, of this State. Mr. Haines realizes how enormously hurtful a return to the principles of the Walker tariff would be to the industrial interests of the country, and being a man of courage, he is working diligently to organize the Democratic minority for effective opposition to the consummation of the scheme which is modeled after that disastrous act. We trust, for the sake of the public interests, that he will succeed in his purpose. But we suspect that when the caucus lash is applied he will find some of those upon whom he depends dropping away from him, preferring rather to enjoy the smiles of executive favor than to stand for conviction at the cost of party ostracism. And, in point of fact, it must be confessed that these recalcitrant Democrats do really expose themselves by their course to the charge of party infidelity. The one great point—the only conspicuous point—of difference between the two parties is as to this tariff question. The Republicans are for protection; the Democrats have declared explicitly for a tariff for revenue only, denouncing protection as unconstitutional. How can any Democrat honestly oppose a tariff bill based on the revenue idea and demand incidental protection for any one or a dozen interests which may be threatened by it? We cannot see any possible justification for such an inconsistency. The dose mixed at Chicago was prepared deliberately by party experts, and our Democratic friends ought to swallow it like men. There is no courage in making faces at it or any other unpalatable thing in life.



Russell Sage's Birthplace Sconodoch. N.Y.



RUSSELL SAGE.



*Russell Sage's home
505 Fifth Ave
N.Y. City*

*Where Sage spent his
boyhood days Durhamville. N.Y.*



*Where Sage
attended school Durhamville N.Y.*



*Sage's Old Residence Washington and 2nd Sts
Troy N.Y.*



*400 River St. Troy N.Y.
Sage in business 1839-1842.*



*Store 139 River St. Troy N.Y.
in Grocery business
1843-1863*



*Store 440 River St. Troy N.Y.
- where Sage first worked in Troy*



*Summer Residence
Isle of Wight - Long Island N.Y.*

RUSSELL SAGE,

WHO BEGAN LIFE AS A FARMER'S BOY, BECAME A LIQUOR-MERCHANT AT TROY, AND THEN THE GREATEST GAMBLER IN PUTS AND CALLS IN AMERICA; NOW SAID TO BE WORTH \$100,000,000—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BALCH INGRAM—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—[SEE PAGE 26.] 20



GOVERNOR CALEB W. WEST OF UTAH.



LION HOUSE, OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENCY OF THE MORMON CHURCH.



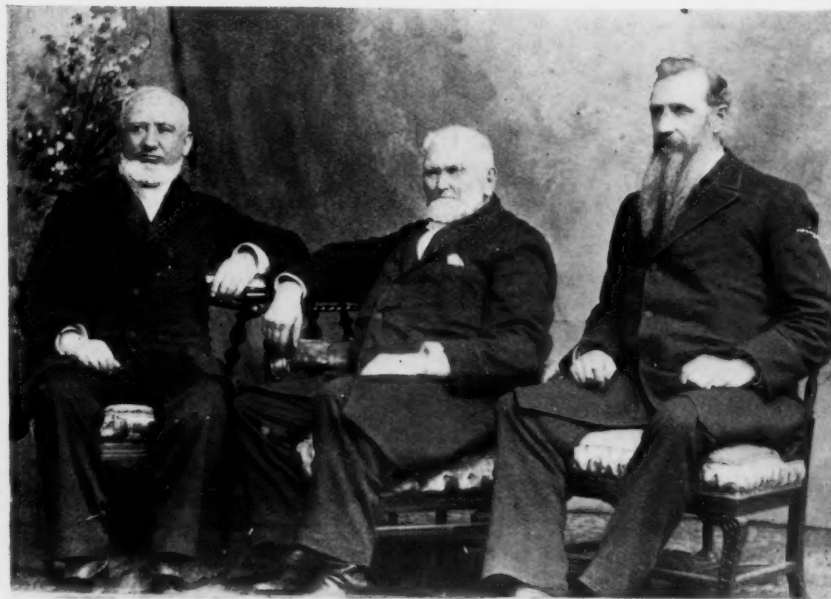
A MORMON WIDOW, MRS. EMMELINE B. WELLS.



HAWAIIAN CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RESIDING AT SALT LAKE CITY.



A UTE INDIAN CITIZEN.



1. G. Q. Cannon. 2. President Wilford Woodruff. 3. Joseph F. Smith.
THE FIRST PRESIDENCY OF THE MORMON CHURCH.



AS THE MORMONS FOUND HIM.

THE PROPOSED ADMISSION OF UTAH TO STATEHOOD.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

By Edith Sessions Tupper.

"THIRTEEN on the red!" As the gentleman with waxed mustache and immaculate shirt front gave the wheel a final turn and bellowed out the winning number, Jack Kennedy, gambler, rose from his seat at the table, thrust his hands deep in his empty pockets, and with a muttered oath strode from the room.

"Poor devil, he's broke!" murmured the popular actor as he bent over to sweep in his winnings.

"He'll soon recoup," laughed the well-known cartoonist, selecting his numbers for the next trial. "Kennedy's luck is proverbial."

"He's down on his luck of late," said the Wall Street man, lighting a fresh cigar. "D—fool! he will play thirteen. I've watched him for several nights, and I'll be hanged if he doesn't invariably play thirteen or some of its combinations, and always on the losing color."

"Make your play, gentlemen," rang out the resonant voice of the croupier; and while thousands of dollars were exchanging owners, Kennedy's ill luck was forgotten.

The gambler strode from the house, along the dimly-lighted street, and turned into Broadway. It was a sultry night. Scarcely a breath of air hovered over the torrid town. There was, in the very intensity of the heat, a premonition of storm.

"We're going to have a thunder-storm," Kennedy heard more than one passer-by remark. What did he care? What mattered anything to a ruined man? In one short hour he had dropped every penny he had in the world.

"Not even enough left to buy a cocktail with," he said as he paused on the steps of an up-town hotel and surveyed the promenaders with a dazed look. "What am I going to do?"

Kennedy had been, until the last few nights, singularly fortunate. "Kennedy's luck" had been quoted by sporting and betting men as something which must have come straight from regions below. The calm, impassive, white-faced man with steady, cold, penetrating eyes and the prematurely white hair of the typical New York gambler, had gone on winning at every game of chance he touched until he was pointed out and counted as some one phenomenal. Now, for a week past his wonderful luck had deserted him, and to-night, in a few short, awful moments, his pile had vanished. And here he stood beggared, not knowing where to turn and with not even the price of a drink in his pockets.

In his affluent days Kennedy had not been generous. In novels gamblers are always ready to give away their last dollar; in real life often they are not. Kennedy had kept a tight hold on his purse. He had lived luxuriously. No swell had finer clothing or was housed more comfortably. He had denied Jack Kennedy nothing. Others had not been so fortunate.

And thus it came to pass that as this man with the white, despairing face stood there in the throng of a midsummer night, he was alone as on a rock in the ocean. He knew no man whom he could slap on the shoulder and from whom he could beg a loan until these calamities were overpast. By to-morrow the story of his ruin would be abroad in his world, and then indeed would he fully comprehend the bitterness of defeat.

"Money—money!" he said in a savage undertone. "Where can I get it?"

At that moment a messenger-boy rounded the corner where he stood. He was as dirty and leisurely as the rest of his class. Nothing about his personal appearance was sufficiently attractive to rivet the fascinated gaze of Jack Kennedy. But across his cap, in letters and figures that blazed into the gambler's soul, shone "Number Thirteen," and as he passed, something—what was it?—a shaft from the bottomless pit, perhaps, or only a flash of lightning—showed Kennedy a bill lying at his feet.

The gambler covered the bill with his foot. He dared not move. He scarcely dared breathe. He watched the boy saunter along the street for a block. Suddenly he stopped, consulted his pockets, turned in an affrighted, hesitating fashion, then literally plunged back, surveying the ground as he ran.

"Anybody seen a bill—a tenner?" he demanded in distress. "Hully gee! wot'll I do? A lady sent me out wid it to git change—wot'll I do? I'll lose me job." And he wrung his grimy hands and tears dropped down his cheeks making a distinct furrow in the dust and soot.

Everybody was sympathetic. People stopped to look, and in a moment there was a questioning crowd surrounding the wailing boy. In the confusion and excitement no one noticed Mr.

Kennedy stoop to tie his patent leathers and then walk leisurely away. Sure enough, it was a ten-dollar bill he found, as he held it exultingly under the electric light before the door of the establishment to which he hastily returned.

"Dropped from the clouds," he said with a sinister laugh as he mounted the steps. A crash of thunder burst upon his hearing like the laughter of demons, and a vivid streak of lightning darted an angry glance upon him as he disappeared behind the heavy doors.

An hour later Kennedy emerged again from the gambling-house, but this time with the air of a conqueror. His pockets were lined, wadded and stuffed with bills. "Kennedy's luck" had returned. He had played thirteen with all its combinations and had won and won again.

He laughed as he turned into Broadway—Broadway, wet with the rain pouring down in a white sheet and across which the lightning still darted unceasingly with wicked glances.

"What a devil of a night!" remarked Mr. Kennedy. "I'm worn out. Gad! that was a strain. I'll have something to eat and go to bed."

The performances at the theatres were just over and the audiences were pouring out into the night and the rain. Ladies in delicate and gauzy gowns stood huddled in groups while their escorts sought their carriages. Shouts filled the air. Umbrellas were raised. Coupés rattled up, received their passengers and clattered away in turn.

"Number thirteen!" bawled the man before the door of a fashionable up-town theatre.

Kennedy, his nerves still shaky, gave a little start. He had taken refuge for a moment from the shower in a corner of the entrance, and, half-mechanically, half-interestedly, leaned forward to see the occupants of "number thirteen."

He saw a man erect, well-groomed, well-dressed, with an unmistakable air of good breeding, hand a lady in, then turn to lift a beautiful little girl of about six. The woman stretched out her hand to the child. She was faultlessly gowned in some pale, gossamer-like robe. There were quantities of lace about her shoulders, and diamonds flashed on her breast. She smiled at the little one—a rare, swift, radiant smile—the smile of happy content. That smile froze and gave way to a look of absolute terror as she suddenly caught sight of a white face staring out at her from a darkened corner. She snatched the beautiful child to her breast, murmuring something to her escort, who hastily banged the carriage door, and the three were rapidly whirled away out of sight.

Jack Kennedy came out of his retreat, trembling in every limb. Little cared he now for the rain beating in torrents on his head, drenching him to the skin. That woman—that child. God! was he awake or dreaming?

The last time he had seen her was in the divorce court, when, with her pale, cold, disdainful face turned away, she had listened to the testimony which freed her from him.

The last time he had seen the child—ah! something like a sob rose in his throat, and something beside the night rain splashed on his cheeks—was when the little one had clung about his neck with both arms, kissing him lovingly, and patting his cheeks with her tiny hands. That was his farewell to his child—in the office of his wife's lawyer. The law had given the baby to her—quite right, too—she was fit to care for it, not he.

His wife was married again now, happy in her new husband's home, toward the security of which she was hastening, while he was a pariah, an outcast, a gambler, without one honest friend in the world. Nay, worse than that, he was a thief—a thief of the vilest type. Kennedy remembered his crime of the evening, and shuddered as he thought how his child would shrink from him could she know the depths of his cruelty and infamy.

Midnight. Kennedy found himself near his hotel, wet, chilled, and hungry. Across the street a light flared out from the district-messenger office. He hesitated a moment, then crossed, opened the door, and went in. The manager came forward, pushing a pad of yellow paper toward him.

"Thanks; no," said Kennedy, steadily. "I merely wanted to see a boy here—Number Thirteen. Is he on duty?"

"Naw," remarked the other, contemptuously; "he got the bounce to-night. Came in snivelling an' takin' 'bout a ten-dollar bill he'd lost on Broadway. And in a few minutes a lady came in and complained of him. He took her bill to get it changed and dropped it in front of the St. James, he thinks. So I bounced him."

"Oh, you did?" remarked the man with the white face and strange, unearthly glitter in his dark eyes. "Do you happen to know where the little beggar lives?"

"Where did Thirteen live?" turning to the group of boys in the rear of the office.

"Thirteen Norfolk Street," answered one of the sleepy boys as he drew on his coat preparatory to leaving for the night.

"Yes, that's it," said the clerk. "He was Number Thirteen and lived at No. 13. Curious now, wa'n't it?"

"Remarkable!" said Kennedy. "Good-night." "Good-night, sir."

Jimmy Donovan, late Number Thirteen, wearied with rehearsing the tragedy of his young life, had fallen asleep in his miserable bed. The tears still lay upon his dirty face, and an occasional sob disturbed his rest. The entire tenement was yet disturbed over the affair, for Jimmy was a popular lad, and conceded to be "doin' noble" by his mother and sister. Slatternly women were hanging from windows, enjoying the cooling effect of the shower and discussing the outrageous treatment to which Jimmy had been subjected.

Norfolk Street was far from sleeping. Laughter, shouts, curses, and the sound of occasional blows and other social amenities, rose on the midnight air. Mingled with this medley of noises came another sound, a strange one in that part of the town—the sound of a cab rumbling over the street. It paused before No. 13 and a tall man alighted and, making known the object of his search, was directed to the Widow Donovan's pitiful apartment.

This arrival was the climax. All the neighbors agreed that it was a detective come to arrest the unfortunate messenger-boy, and sympathetic groans were heard on every hand.

But Jimmy and his mother yet speak with bated breath of the sudden appearance of a tall man with a face as pale as death, his clothing wet and disarranged, his strange, dark eyes blazing with an uncanny glitter, who awakened Number Thirteen with a gentle shake, and said:

"You are the boy who lost ten dollars in front of the St. James on Broadway to-night, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, whimpering afresh at the recollection of his loss.

"You did not lose it, my boy," said Kennedy, hurriedly. "I borrowed it from you."

"Borrowed it—"

"Yes; and I've come to pay it back with interest, and to ask you to forgive me," said the gambler, as he took from his pockets roll after roll of bills and handful after handful of silver, which he piled on the rickety table before the astonished Donovans. "It is all yours. Take care of it. Tell me you forgive me," and he held out a long, white, beautiful hand, in which Jimmy's hard, dirty little fist lay for an instant; then he was gone. The sound of the cab clattering over the stony street, and the pile of bills and silver on the table, alone convincing the family that they had not dreamed.

"James," said the Widow Donovan, impressively, "it wur th' devil."

Perhaps she was not far from right. And perhaps the devil is not as black as he is painted.

Kennedy ate little after his wild flight to Norfolk Street and return, but swallowed pony after pony of brandy.

Then he went up to his room.

Once there, he adjusted the curtains carefully, removed his wet clothing, took from his breast pocket the miniature of a child, at which he looked long and steadily, opened a drawer in his dressing-case and drew out something bright and shining.

Then he lay down upon the bed and put the muzzle of the pistol to his temple.

A Practical Charity.

THE Wayfarers' Lodge and Wood Yard of the Charity Organization Society, at 516 West Twenty-eighth Street, this city, is just now the centre of a most useful charitable work. It issues two classes of tickets—one to able-bodied men of family who have homes, and the other to homeless men who seek aid. The latter entitles the holder to a lodging and two meals in return for a given amount of labor in the wood-yard or on the premises of the lodge. Each lodger is required to take a bath before going to bed, and to have his clothing fumigated. The other style of ticket, for men with homes, entitles the bearer to work in the wood-yard to the amount of fifty cents. The tickets are sold to societies, churches, and private individuals in books containing five tickets, at a cost of one dollar per book. This is a form of beneficence which offers help to the necessitous without any surrender of their self-respect, and its results are proving most satisfactory. The picture by Miss Davis, on another page, illustrates the lodge and its work.

The Midwinter Hard Times.

NEVER since the winter of 1857 has so large a percentage of the people of the United States been in distress as at the present moment. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the causes which have led to the present hard times, nor to suggest the means which will end them. It is of moment, of course, to know the cause of the business depression, and it is of vital importance that those whose business it is to apply remedies should act quickly and with wisdom. But what concerns all of us at this present moment is the fact that some men, women and children in America are starving, and that many hundreds of thousands of them are looking starvation straight in the face. And this condition exists at a time when there has been no war, no pestilence, no failure of crops. To those who suffer most from absence of employment the condition, therefore, seems harder to bear, because they cannot in the least understand it. The rich people and the ordinarily well-to-do people in this country in times of calamity are never appealed to in vain. They always respond with a generosity and liberality that shows that prosperity has not hardened their hearts. And so they will act now, when they know what is expected of them, and are told what they can do wisely and effectively.

In the first place, it is well to know the extent of the distress, so that some idea may be formed as to what each person should do to help. Inquiry at the regularly organized charitable societies in New York revealed the fact that the officers of these societies had not attempted any census, and were incapable of making more than random guesses as to the number of wage-earners out of employment and in distress. These officers said that the distress was more than they had ever known before; some said that it was twice as bad as when business was normal; some said it was three times as bad, and others placed the estimate at five times. These larger estimates are probably more nearly correct than the smaller. Inquiry among the trades-unions also showed that the leaders could only guess, and these guesses appeared to lead no nearer to the mark than those of the charity societies. The fact is that there are to-day in New York City at least two hundred thousand men, women and children out of employment, and of these fully one hundred and fifty thousand, with those dependent upon them, are in acute distress. This means that three hundred thousand people in the great city of New York are to-day absolutely in need of assistance. And what is more, they will get it when the public knows how to give it.

The authorities in charge of some of the charity societies seem to be more interested just now in discouraging the formation of new societies than the emergency may call into being than is consistent with the proprieties of the case. Undoubtedly it is bad for means and forces to be so divided that they will be wasted. And undoubtedly, also, these organized charities have an admirable system of dealing with poverty in ordinary times, for the aim is to relieve distress without wounding self-respect, and to punish the vicious who seek to impose upon those disposed to be charitable. But this method at this time is too cumbersome, and there is an effort to employ a too nice discrimination in dealing with individual cases. It must be remembered that the greatest sufferers in these hard times are people entirely unaccustomed to the more hideous forms of want, for they are people who have always been self-supporting and self-respecting. They form part of the bone and sinew of this great American people, and because they are in distress they must not be subjected to an espionage and a surveillance similar to that applied to criminals. Their needs must be met, and must be met promptly.

There is another kind of busybody, represented just now by Mr. "Ollie" Teall in New York, who is likely to do a great deal of harm. Such busybodies have only one desire, and that is to keep themselves in the public eye, and some of them, like this Mr. Teall, manage by hook and by crook to erect for themselves conspicuous perches at the expense of other pockets than their own. Unfortunately such vain creatures sometimes impose on respectable people. It is a great pity that such should be the case, for money given to such persons is worse than thrown away. And still others have evolved socialistic theories without in the least knowing that they were such. Among these may be mentioned Dr. Stanton Coit, of the University Settlement Society. Dr. Coit's heart is all right. The trouble appears to be with his head. He proposes that the city employ those out of work in cleaning streets, in mending sidewalks, in making parks, and other out-door work. He appears to be ignorant that this is skilled work,

and he appears to forget that sidewalks cannot be properly repaired in the winter time, nor can road-making in the parks be carried on. He also neglects to remember that if the streets are cleaned by the unemployed the men now employed at that work would be thrown out of their jobs. He also does not take into consideration the fact that the great majority of the unemployed are not out-door workers, but ordinarily employed in entirely different kinds of work. What would a half-starved sweeper, who never wielded a heavier tool than a needle, be able to do with a pick or shovel? Nothing whatever; and no doubt exposure in this wintry weather would in a day or two send him to his garret with pneumonia.

It is time to stop talking foolishness and to do something. Men, women, and children—hundreds of thousands of them—in the rich American metropolis are next door to starvation, and they must be relieved. They did not bring this distress upon themselves, and they must be made to understand that the more fortunate do not hold them responsible for their condition. This being so, there is no more danger of making paupers of such people than of curing cranks of their crankiness. Suppose a worthless vagrant is now and then assisted to prolong his worthless life? Suppose, indeed, that ten of such get more than they deserve? If one honest, self-respecting family be helped by a looser method, that permits such things, to tide over this hard season the charitable will be amply rewarded for what they have done.

Now, how can this be done? In New York we answer without hesitation—send what money you can to Charles Stewart Smith, president of the Chamber of Commerce; send what clothing you can to Mr. Longworth, manager of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, Twenty-second Street and Fourth Avenue. Ask the Catholic parish priest, or any other respectable clergyman in your neighborhood, what to do with the surplus food from your table. And if men with money on hand will promptly pay all outstanding accounts, this, too, will help greatly.

Pretty much a similar condition exists in every city in America, and those themselves not on the ragged edge of poverty should do all in their power to help their fellow-men; for there is a kinship in humanity which should appeal with irresistible force.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

The Late Bishop Daniel A. Payne, D.D.

BISHOP DANIEL ALEXANDER PAYNE, the senior bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, who died November 29th last, was one of the few men of color who have attained eminence in this country. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, of free parents, February 24th, 1811. He received his early education there at the expense of a society of free colored men. In his nineteenth year a wealthy slaveholder, desiring to induce him to enter into service for himself, told him that the difference between master and slave was nothing but "superior knowledge." This was a turning point for young Payne, who decided to seek that knowledge forthwith. He felt called to teach, and from that time he taught and studied



BISHOP DANIEL A. PAYNE.

until a planter's son, learning of his success as an educator of the colored race, informed his father that "Payne was raising hell in Charleston." As a result of this discovery the South Carolina Legislature passed a law, in 1835, which broke up his school. He came North and entered Gettysburg Seminary, under the Lutheran Church. In 1840 he entered the African Methodist Episcopal ministry, and in that church he rose to be a bishop in 1852.

He has been truly called by one of his colleagues "the apostle of an educated ministry,"

as for this he strove among his race from the first with voice and pen. He was convinced that it could rise only through Christian education, and he dedicated his life to this work. In 1863 he purchased Wilberforce University of the Methodist Episcopal Church without a dollar in hand, and lived to see it paid for; to see it rise from the incendiary ashes, where it was laid the day of Lincoln's assassination; to occupy the unique position of being the first colored president of the first colored institution of learning in America; to be made dean at the opening in 1892 of the first theological seminary established and controlled by colored men—Payne Theological Seminary—as he had been for years chancellor of Wilberforce University, and at last, one week before his death, to assemble about him three faculties of twenty members, as a growth from the humble beginning of two teachers in 1863.

He was the oldest living Methodist bishop in this country. He had seen the blighting of slavery, and had looked upon a generation of freedom. Thirty years from the day he left Charleston, an exile, he returned for the first time to find slavery overthrown, and to plant the church of his choice in the very city that had rejected him as a teacher in 1835. That southern wing of this church is now most powerful.

What Frederick Douglass has been to his race in a civil and political sense, Daniel A. Payne has been to the same in an educational and ecclesiastical sense. Though in different fields, the two have worked together for the same end—the uplifting of the race.

W. S. SCARBOROUGH.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE MONSON TRIAL.

No recent criminal trial in Great Britain has attracted greater attention than that just concluded at Edinburgh, of Alfred John Monson, indicted for the murder of Lieutenant Windsor D. C. Hambrough. The facts in the case are, briefly, these: Monson and Hambrough were on terms of close intimacy, and last spring the two were together, with a third person named Scott, in Scotland, where the first named was arranging to purchase an estate. Later on, in the summer, the two went upon a hunting expedition accompanied by Scott, who, however, carried no gun. One rabbit had been killed, another shot was heard, and soon afterward Lieutenant Hambrough was found lying dead beside a small dyke or embankment. "Mr. Monson's account of the affair was that he and Scott had lost sight of their companion, who had gone to the other side of a wood. Suddenly they heard another shot fired, and Mr. Monson called out to his friend to know what he had got, but, receiving no answer, went across and found him lying dead beside the bank. He and Scott then lifted the body on to the dyke and went back to the house for medical assistance. The theory put forward was that Lieutenant Hambrough had stumbled on the dyke and been killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun. The prosecution, however, allege that the death could not have been accidental, but that Lieutenant Hambrough was killed as he was walking on the top of the dyke. At first the accidental theory was accepted, and the body of Lieutenant Hambrough was taken to the Isle of Wight for burial; but gradually suspicions arose, and in August last Monson was arrested, imprisoned, and indicted." Scott, meanwhile, had disappeared. The trial in the High Court of Judiciary occupied some ten days, and the proceedings were watched with intense interest. The testimony of the many witnesses was conflicting, and failed altogether to establish the guilt of the accused, although showing very clearly that his character was not of the best. The jury, after a deliberation of only three-quarters of an hour, returned the Scotch verdict, "Not proven," which was received with cheers by the crowded audience. The London correspondent of the New York *Sun* states that the verdict meets unanimous popular approval.

MISS GRANT'S MARRIAGE.

One of the recent society events in London was the marriage of the Earl of Essex and Miss Adele Grant, daughter of the late Beach Grant, of New York. The wedding service took place in the church of Saint Margaret, Westminster, Canon Farrar officiating. There were seven bridesmaids. The wedding-gown was of cream-white satin, with train of white satin embroidered with sun-rays in silver. The bodice was arranged with point d'Alençon lace, which, with the veil of same lace, was worn by the bride's mother at her own wedding thirty years ago. The bridegroom's present to her was a diamond tiara, which she wore along with a

chaplet of real orange-blossoms, and she carried an ivory and silver-mounted prayer-book. The reception given by the bride's mother was very largely attended, among those present being many of the leading American families. The presents numbered over three hundred.

THE PARIS BOMB EXPLOSION.

We have already given an account of the recent explosion of a dynamite bomb in the French Chamber of Deputies and the consequences which followed it. Our pictures elsewhere give a good idea of the scene in the chamber just after the explosion. Arrests of anarchists in France and elsewhere in Europe continue, and the new laws are to be stringently enforced against all suspects in Paris. As a measure of precaution against a possible dynamite outrage the public securities in the custody of the Bank of France, valued at \$800,000,000, have been removed to a more secure place. The trial of Vaillant, who threw the bomb in the Chamber of Deputies, was commenced on the 5th inst. In Spain the anarchists are showing great activity, and a good deal of alarm is felt as to their proceedings. In Madrid, recently, a great scare was occasioned at an operatic entertainment by a rumor that bombs were to be thrown during the performance. The audience was only quieted by a reassuring address by the Governor of the city. The Swiss Federal Council has drafted a strong bill against anarchists, and if it be passed Switzerland will no longer be, for anarchist purposes, the Alsacia of Europe.

Vignettes of the Day.

Who is this tripping along in the golden sunlight? It is a dainty little figure, reminding me, somewhat, of a stout Dresden china doll that I have seen in the stores in the fatherland. She wears a dress of dark navy blue, a silken bodice, and a little hat that is clearly the triumph of a French milliner's skill. That red-brown hair, the bird-like eyes and expressive mouth are all familiar. Broadway is crowded, and people are jostling this trim little woman as she hurries on. If any one in the great throng recognized Lotta, the actress, I would be very much surprised. At a glance she would pass for twenty-five years of age. No trace of her recent illness was observable. She seemed as happy as the glad sunbeams that danced all



MISS CRABTREE (LOTTA).

around her. And why shouldn't she be? Her career on the stage has been one long triumph. She can draw her check for half a million dollars and still have enough money left to support herself like a princess. For a score of years she has been a familiar figure behind the foot-lights. Both nature and time have been kind to her. She looks more charming than a great many of the more widely advertised *ingénues*. Miss Crabtree, as she is known in private life, has been visiting the Chicago exposition, and is extravagant in her praise of what she saw there. Her father and mother accompanied her on this trip. Those who know the talented little lady will gossip with you about her if you choose to listen. They will tell you that she could have married years ago if she had so desired, but that she was in love with a handsome fellow who selected some other woman. We all like gossip, but it is not fair to chatter about a woman's love affairs. Even without a husband I regard Lotta as one of the most fortunate women of the American stage.

One of the most effective acts in the new play, "Sheridan," recently presented at the Lyceum Theatre, is where a scene is given of the production of "The Rivals." As I watched the interest the audience took in that particular matter, the other night, I was impressed with the fact that this is the golden age of play-writing. I mean, of course, from a monetary point of view. It would make the hungry heroes of Grubb Street anxious to return to life if they knew what some of the American playwrights get each year in the way of royalties.

Charles Hoyt heads the list with an annual income of \$250,000 for writing some rather "unimportant trifles." Charles A. Byrne comes next, with \$25,000 to his credit. Louis Harrison falls short of Mr. Byrne's total only \$5,000. Harry B. Smith added \$30,000 to his bank account last year. David Belasco made quite as much, also. Henry Guy Carleton, Augustus Thomas, and Sydney Rosenfeld are paid fully \$10,000 each for their dramatic work. Joseph Arthur and Cheever Goodwin have royalties aggregating \$15,000 a year each. Clyde Fitch, Charles Barnard, Glen McDonough, Clay Greene, William Haworth, William Gill, J. J. McNally, and Paul Potter receive from \$5,000 to \$8,000 a year each for their work. A pretty good penny, you will say, when you remember how the dramatists of old were paid. Of the women playwrights the best known are Blanche Marsden, Mrs. C. H. Doremus, Martha Morton, and Minnie Maddon Fiske. It is doubtful if the royalties made by any of these ladies exceed \$2,000 a year.

It is quite decided that Mrs. U. S. Grant will not publish her memoirs of her illustrious husband. I believe it is her wish now that this most interesting book shall not be printed until after her death. Why she has made this decision I do not know. Those who have seen the manuscript pronounce it excellent reading. Several publishers have had opportunity to look it over, and one, I hear, offered the enormous price of \$50,000 outright for the work. It is certainly for no lack of an advantageous offer that publication has been deferred. So competent a judge of literary work as Bishop Newman pronounces Mrs. Grant's literary effort a success. Every line is written by her own hand. It is a plain statement of a loved and loving wife who has thrown much new light on the character of a man who must forever remain one of the chief figures in American history.

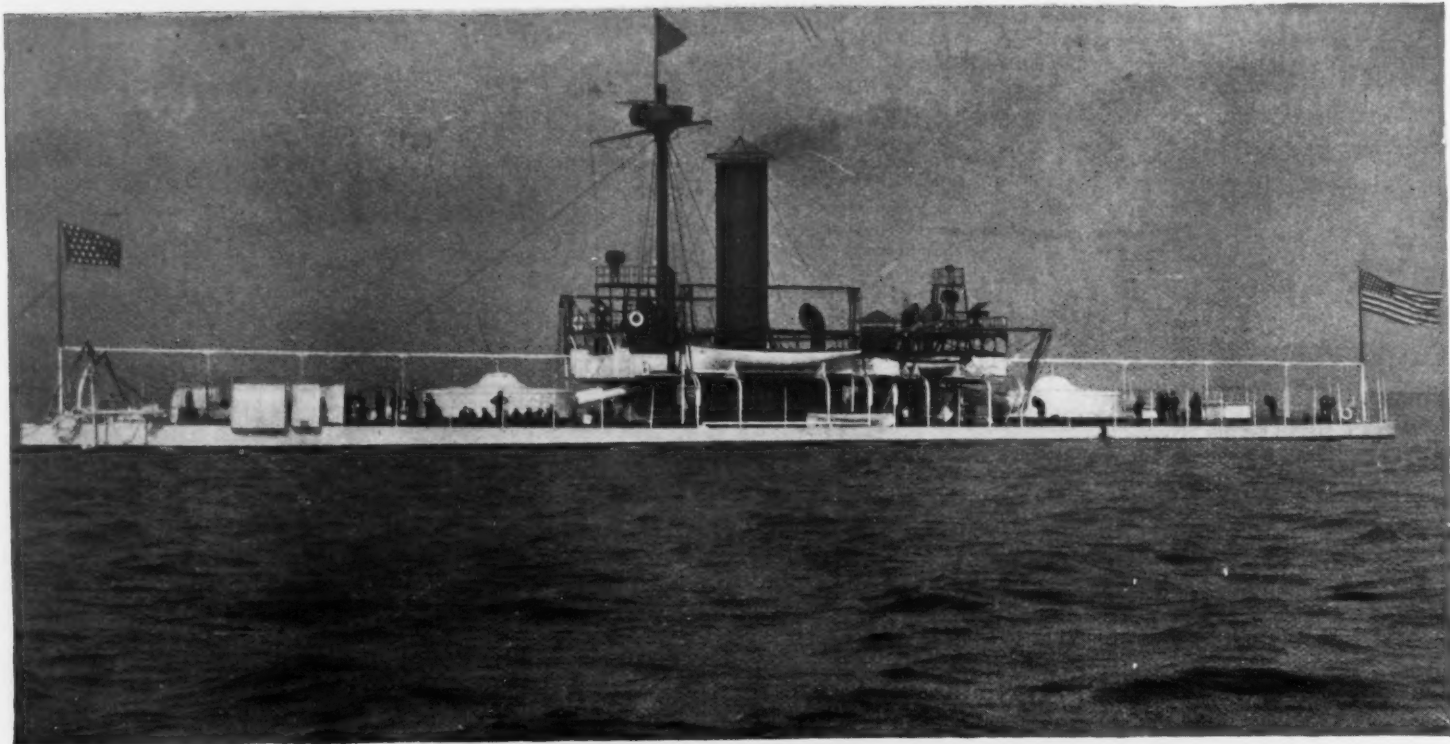
Another woman who is about to testify in a public manner to the love she bore her husband is Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard. She is planning the erection of a church, near her country home on the banks of the Hudson, that shall be a memorial worthy of the man. It is to be beautiful in architecture, and will be the most costly church edifice ever erected by one individual in the United States. I have seen Mrs. Shepard frequently of late, a striking figure garbed in great sobriety. Only her children and her grandchildren now interest her, except it be the desire to carry out, to the fullest extent, all of Mr. Shepard's whims, financial and otherwise. A careful business woman, as all the Vanderbilt women are, she is acquainted with every detail of the affairs in which her husband's money still remains. It is her wish to carry out every enterprise that Colonel Shepard engaged in, in such a way as he would, had he lived. No changes have been made in his household, in his newspaper, or in other enterprises in which he was a leading factor. The enormous sums of money that he gave away in charity are still generously dispensed. The old employes and the old servants remain, and will, until young Elliott F. Shepard shall become of age. Young Shepard is well set up and will give a good account of himself in the future. Mrs. Shepard's generosity is unbounded. Her loyalty to the memory of her husband is very touching. After all, there is nothing sweeter in all the world than to be remembered.

Another figure emerges from the past. So rapidly do we live in New York, and so fast do we make history, that those who were giants in their day are crowded into the corner by younger and more ambitious beings. It was Burke who said,

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

I thought of this as I jostled the elbow of Oakey Hall in the court-house the other day. He is old, and his form is bent. The lightness of youth has departed from his step. He seems to be waiting in the corridors of Time for something to happen. In his day he was the central figure in political life in this great city. He might have aspired to any office. But his ambition overreached his judgment, and his political and social career closed in a cloud of blackness. Yet with his faults he had many admirable traits. Mentally he is as vigorous as ever, and is still a factor in the law courts. He is a remarkable example of a man exceptionally gifted by nature, and endowed with many fine talents, who voluntarily went into bankruptcy when he should have been able to pay a ten-per-cent. dividend as long as he lived.

FOSTER COATES.



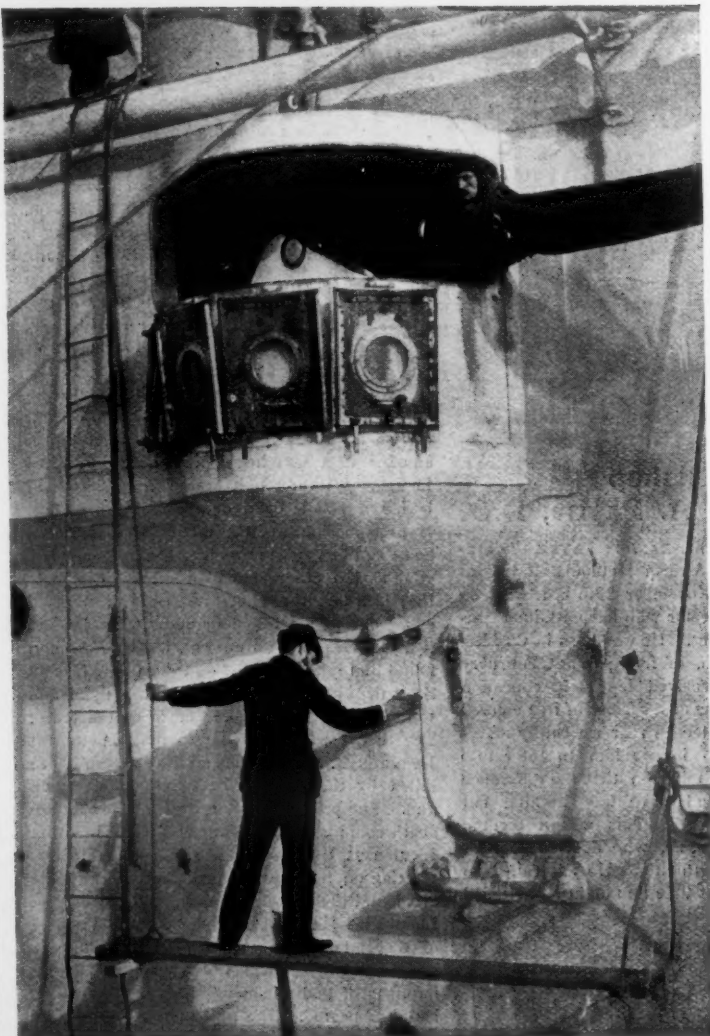
THE DOUBLE-TURRETED MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH."



GUARDING SUPPLIES ON THE CRUISER



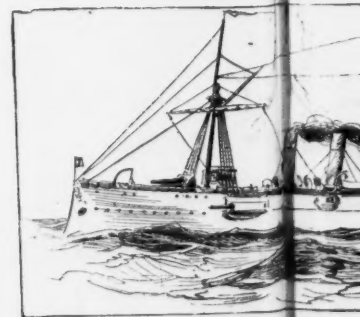
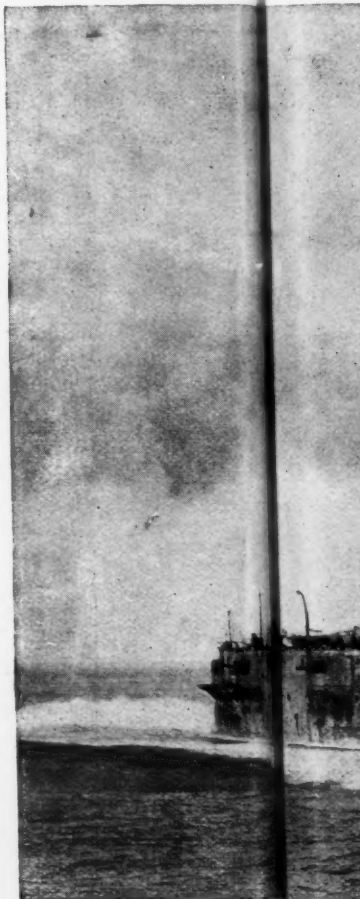
FAREWELLS BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF THE "NEW YORK."



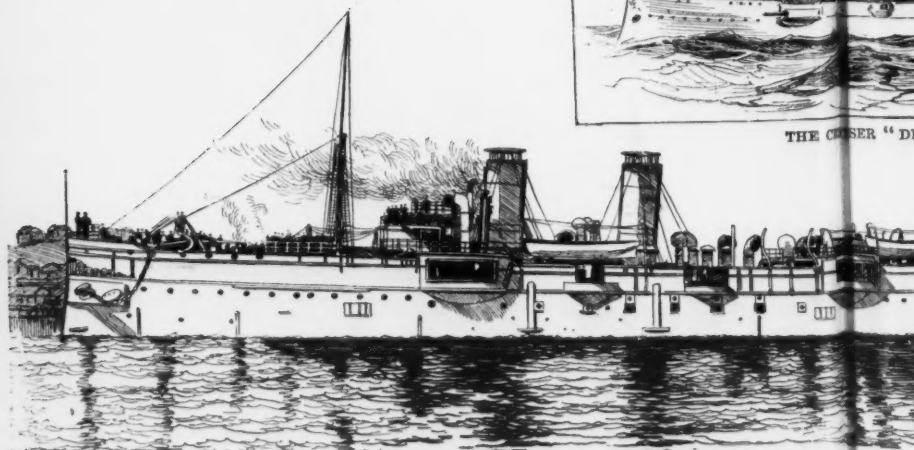
CLOSING THE PORT.



LOADING THE CRUISER "NEW YORK" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.



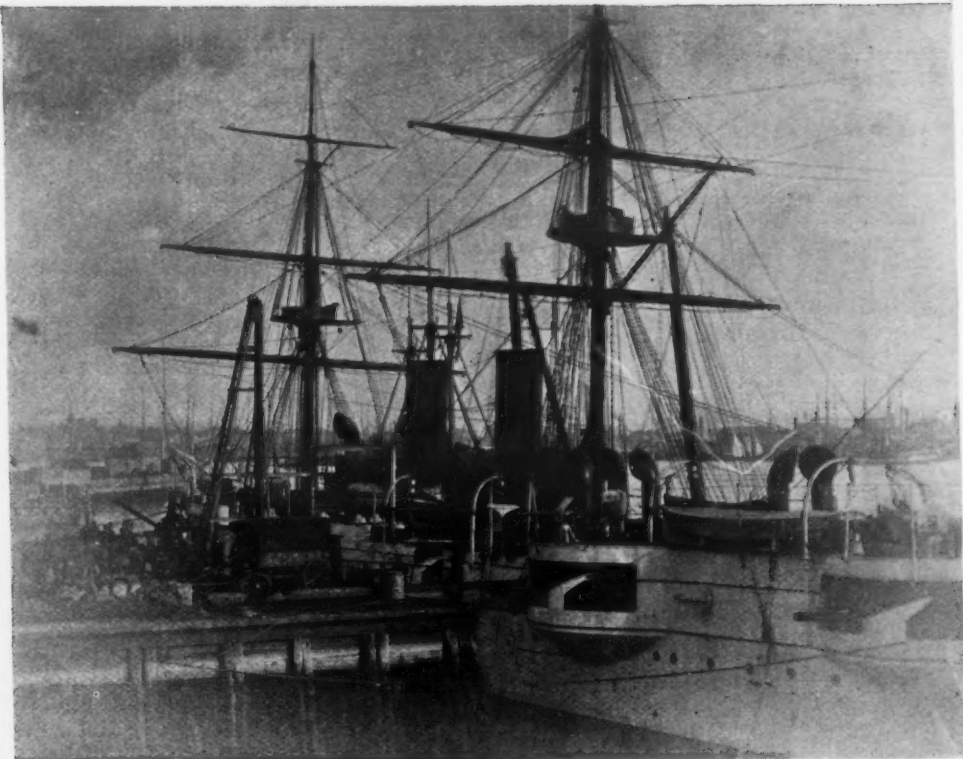
THE CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO."



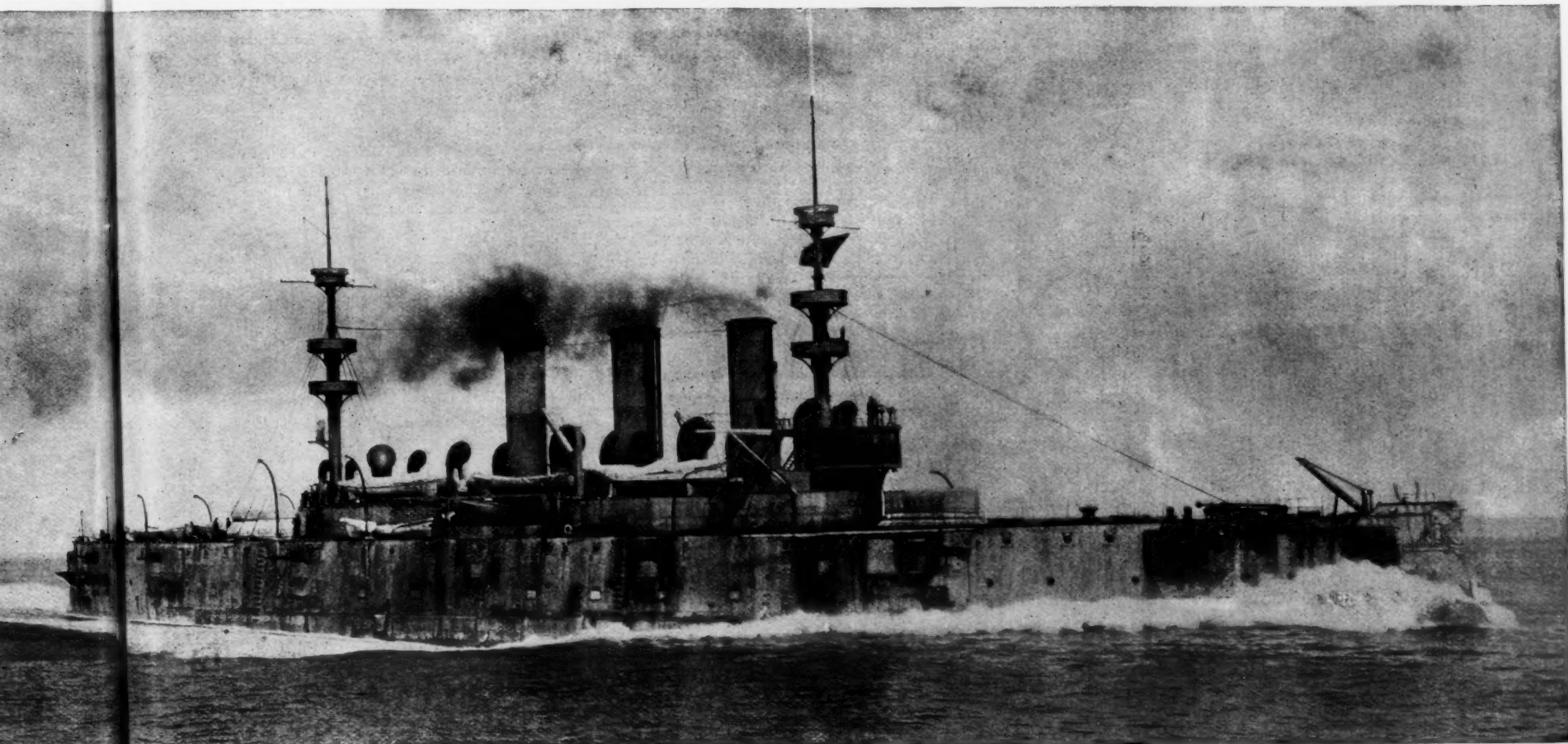
THE CRUISER "SAN FRANCISCO."



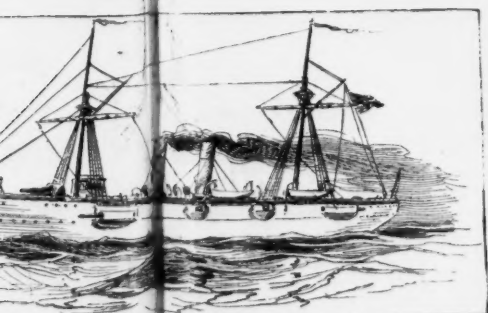
LOADING SUPPLIES ON THE CRUISER "NEW YORK" WHILE LYING AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.



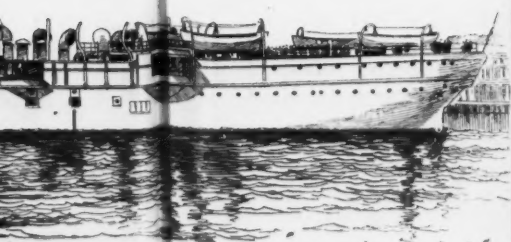
THE CRUISER "NEWARK."



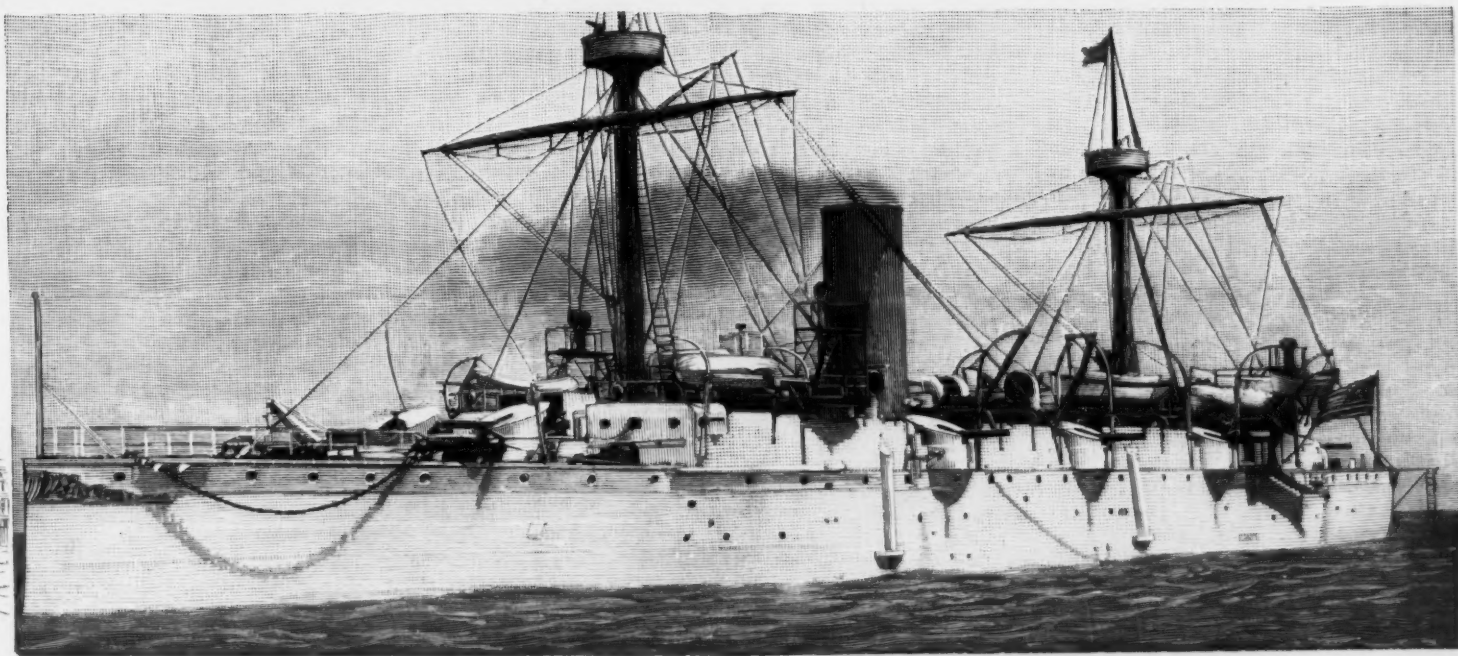
THE CRUISER "NEW YORK."



THE CRUISER "DETROIT."



"SAN FRANCISCO."



THE CRUISER "CHARLESTON."

RUSSELL SAGE.

HIS CAREER AND HIS PECULIARITIES.

AMONG all the great millionaires produced by the United States, no one occupies a more important and unique position in the financial world than Mr. Russell Sage; and there is no one, probably, about whose personal history so little is known. As to the place he holds in the public esteem, each person must judge for himself.

He was born in the little hamlet of Scenodah, town of Verona, in the Mohawk valley, New York, on August 15th, 1816. His father, who had been a veteran in the war just then closed, was a farmer, and in 188- removed to Oneida County, where young Russell spent the early years of his life in working on the farm in summer and attending the country school during the winter months. When he was fifteen years of age he went to Troy and became an errand boy and salesman in a grocery store kept by his brother, with whom he remained five years. In 1838, he entered into partnership with another brother in the sale of groceries and rum. He had by this time developed the smart business qualities which have since been displayed in larger spheres, and was accounted a young man of rare promise. After a time he disposed of his original investment at a large profit and formed another partnership in the wholesale grocery and liquor trade. By 1841 he had by his exertions amassed a fortune of \$75,000, not including his business interests. He had by this time become conspicuous also in politics as a member of the old Whig party; and in 1845 was elected a member of the board of aldermen, and subsequently treasurer of Rensselaer County, both of which offices were held for seven years.

About this time he became prominent in the development of the railroad interest in the Mohawk valley, and was active in promoting the consolidation of the various local lines into one grand trunk line, which afterward took form in the New York Central consolidation. It is alleged that by the various transactions with which he was thus connected he made a profit of at least \$250,000.

In 1848 he was a delegate to the Whig National Convention which nominated General Zachary Taylor for President, and was instrumental in giving the vote of this State for that candidate. In 1850 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, but in 1852 he was elected by the Whigs of Troy. Two years later he was re-elected by the unprecedented majority of 7,000 votes. While in Congress he was known as an avowed abolitionist, and he was the first to call attention to the decay into which the historic home of Washington at Mount Vernon had fallen, and to advocate its purchase by the government. He was largely instrumental also in securing the organization of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association.

In 1863 Mr. Sage disposed of his grocery business in Troy and removed to New York. He at once plunged into the vortex of business in Wall Street, where he put aside all precedents and conducted business after his own fashion. His career since that time is well known to the public. He has been connected with many of the great railway enterprises of the time, and intimately associated with Jay Gould and many of the most prominent financiers of the metropolis. He has had his severe reverses, but he has managed to escape the whirlpool of disaster in which so many others have gone down, and he ranks to-day as probably the richest man in the United States. While the actual amount of his wealth is unknown to the public, it is believed to approximate one hundred millions of dollars, principally in cash, call loans secured by collaterals readily convertible into cash, and securities in the nature of stocks, bonds, and mortgages, upon which he could realize at a moment's notice. Indeed, it is said by those who know Mr. Sage best, that he has more ready money in hand than any other man in America.

Mr. Sage is a man of many peculiarities. Thus, while holding a seat in the Stock Exchange for more than thirty years, it is said that he has never been on the floor of the trading-room. He has not been actively connected with the Street since he was mulcted out of \$8,000,000 on that fateful day in June, 1884, when the failure of Grant & Ward plunged the country into a panic. He still dabbles in puts and calls, probably to a greater extent than many speculators who make a deal sight more noise in the world than he does. His principal

business, however, is that of money lender to bankers, brokers and corporations having first-class collaterals to offer as security. He is always ready, however, to enter the market when he sees a sure thing. The accretions to his wealth nowadays are mostly made up from interest and dividends.

In personal appearance Mr. Sage is youthful, considering that he is seventy-seven years of age. He has aged perceptibly, however, during the year past and his step has lost much of that elasticity which it had before the attempt to blow him up with dynamite was made by a crank on December 4th, 1891. He has also acquired a habit of furtively glancing about as if he expected another bomb to be exploded at his feet at any moment. In stature he is tall and lank, with long arms and a large head crowned with a crop of thick iron-gray hair. He has heavy, overhanging eyebrows, underneath which glitter a pair of shrewd blue-gray eyes. Russell Sage is not a prize beauty, even for an old man, and his appearance is not improved by the cheap, ready-made, hand-me-down clothing which he always wears. His clothing has never been known to fit, and hangs on his person like a bag on a bean-pole, while his boots are usually much too large. He has never been accused of wearing odd boots bought from a bargain-counter, yet he has frequently appeared on the street wearing coat, vest and trousers from as many different suits. Yet, with all the incongruity of his make-up, the linen which he always wears is immaculate in its whiteness. In his habits he is neatness personified.

When speaking he has a fashion of winking one or blinking both eyes, as the humor strikes him, and of pursing up his lips and closing both eyes, as if in contemplative mood, keeping up, however, at the same time an appearance of great frankness. Yet, withal, he is a most guarded speaker, and it is as difficult to get from him a direct answer to a question as it would be to get a loan from him without first-class security. As to personal adornments, he wears none, except a very plain watch and chain.

In his manner of living away from home Russell Sage is exceedingly frugal. He does not approve of eating costly and hearty lunches at mid-day. He never does that when he has to pay the bill. It is related of him that when once asked by a gentleman to lunch with him he declined, but said if it made no difference he would take the price of the lunch and buy something else to remember his friend by. He has also been accused of hitting the free-lunch counters in the neighborhood of his office. This story undoubtedly originated from his habit of lunching daily with the late Jay Gould in the Western Union Telegraph Building, where an elaborate free lunch is served every day to the officers and directors of the company.

In his social relations Russell Sage is a most conservative man. Few men are or ever have been on intimate terms with him. The chosen few are without exception men of his own stamp in the business world. Indeed, it has frequently been said that the late Jay Gould was the only person in America who thoroughly enjoyed the confidence of Sage, and that he was also the only one who was acquainted with his methods of business. This is undoubtedly true, although before they met, Sage had passed the meridian of life and had already established his reputation as a politician, financial economist, and was one of the wealthiest men of the times when Gould was still unknown. Sage had also been intimate with such men as W. H. Seward, Thurlow Weed, Lew Benedict, Edwin D. Morgan, and all the leading politicians of the time, while Gould was still a clerk in a country grocery.

The friendship for Gould was one of the brightest spots in Sage's life, and his great fortune was said to be always at Gould's command. Without Russell Sage's money Gould could never have mounted to the height of power reached by him at the time of his death. It is said that Sage furnished most of the cash necessary for Gould to capture the elevated railroads of New York, the magnificent system of Southwestern railroads known as the Gould roads, and also the cash to build the American Union Telegraph system, and, in the consolidation which followed, wrest the control of Western Union from William H. Vanderbilt. One instance above all others proves what

a staunch friend Sage was. Years ago, when James R. Keene came into Wall Street with the avowed purpose of destroying Gould's power, and backed by millions of California capital, history tells us that he would have succeeded had not Sage thrown himself into the *mêlée* and saved Gould and wrecked Keene.

Russell Sage's bucolic appearance has led to some amusing incidents. Time and again he has been "toted" all over town by "bunco gents," dined and treated handsomely, under the impression that he was a "Jay." When they learned who their intended victim was the "bunco steerers" would drop him like a hot poker, and quietly kick themselves in private.

In benefactions to public or private charities Russell Sage has never been very generous. He once gave eight thousand dollars toward clearing Dr. Hepworth's church of debt. It is declared, however, that he aids his relatives with a lavish hand.

Russell Sage has been married twice. His first wife was a Miss Winne, of Troy, to whom he was wedded in 1841. She died in 1867. Two years later Mr. Sage married Miss Olivia Slocum, of Syracuse, a school-mate of his first wife at the Emma Willard Seminary in Troy. The present Mrs. Sage is a sister of ex-Mayor Royal Slocum, of Troy, and a relative of the Jernain family of that city. She presides over the home of the great millionaire at 506 Fifth Avenue, and in the summer at his handsome summer home at Isle of Wight, near Lawrence, Long Island.

As Russell Sage is now an old man with but few more years before him, there is much curiosity expressed as to what he will do with his immense fortune. Being childless, he cannot dispose of it as Gould disposed of his. As yet he has made a confident of no one, yet he has in all probability decided what he will do with his money. Those who know him best believe that he will leave the bulk of it to his relatives, and from words dropped by him that he will leave the remainder to endow some institution or college, and that the Presbyterian Divinity School at Princeton College will get a good slice. He is a member and pew-holder in the West Presbyterian Church, in West Forty-second Street, New York, until lately presided over by the Rev. Dr. Paxton. Every Sunday finds him in his pew, an interested listener to the sermon and calmly waiting for his removal to the niche prepared for him in the Calvinistic Valhalla. Mr. Sage has a magnificent mausoleum in Oakwood Cemetery in Troy, where he expects to rest his bones after death, and where "squeezes," "puts and calls," flurries and slumps will not bother him forever more.

HENRY BALCH INGRAM.

A Winter Rose.

I FOUND, to-day, a withered rose
Within a book (the book her own),
And straightway, with the odor faint,
All balmy June was round me blown.

What fields! what skies!—yet, out-of-door,
The snow lies white along the farms;
The wind comes driving from the north,
The forests shake their icy arms.

What brought, for me, the summer back,
So sweet, so real? Ah, love, that day
When thou and I began to live—
Can changing seasons change it? Nay!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

American Interests at Rio.

THE government has acted none too soon in determining to afford adequate protection to American commercial interests at Rio de Janeiro. All accounts agree that as the result of the struggle now in progress between the government and the insurgents, the property of foreigners is exposed to serious risks. In view of the uncertain character of the struggle, moreover, it is of the highest importance that we should be prepared for any occasion that may arise demanding a display of naval strength. The cruiser *New York*, which sailed from this port on the 26th ult., will be by far the most formidable and conspicuous ship belonging to any Power in Rio harbor, and with the *Newark*, *San Francisco*, *Charleston*, and *Detroit*, will comprise a fleet greater than the combined fleets of both Italy and Great Britain, and superior to any we now have on foreign stations. It is possible that the double-turreted monitor *Miantonomah*, which left this port on the 28th ult., will also go to Rio.

It is understood that the *New York* carries important dispatches from the Secretary of the Navy to Admiral Benham, commanding the South Atlantic station, and to whom the *New York* will report on arriving. These instructions are believed to inform the admiral more generally of the policy to pursue in dealing with the perplexing conditions which confront him at Rio, and are supplemental to others previously

sent. They are practically of the same nature as those given to Admiral McCann during the Chilean affair, and direct him for the present to maintain a neutral position, but to secure protection to our rights and interests if occasion arises. Recent dispatches indicate that the government has gained some important successes over the insurgents.

Faces and Phases of Utah.

Two generations of Utah's people have grown wrinkled and old in the quest for statehood that has always just escaped them. Now the third generation of young and vigorous men are about to receive the boon, on the condition that they renounce the sins of their fathers. The motley throng of this Territory that clamors for admission to full American citizenship, has been gathered from the ends of the earth by Mormon missionaries during forty years, till a more heterogeneous population could not be united under the banner of any one State. In this strangely-assorted commonwealth are not only the various European nationalities, but the soft-voiced natives of the South Sea Isles and the red man tamed and civilized.

The ruling powers of Utah up to date have been the representatives of the United States government and the presidency of the Mormon Church. For three decades these opposing powers have held separate sway, waging war upon each other until in the common cause of statehood they have united. Persons and objects long associated with the Territorial régime will soon pass away before the new order of things.

The building used for the executive mansion for six years is remarkable for its plainness. It is a two-story brick residence, rented for seventy-five dollars a month. The lower front and side rooms are the offices of the Governor, Secretary of State, and Utah Commissioners. Here Governor Caleb W. West lives and discharges his duties in true Jeffersonian simplicity. His son acts as his private secretary; his retinue comprises a cook and house-keeper. Governor West is called the Grover Cleveland of the West, from his striking resemblance to the President in figure and features. He is a Kentuckian, fifty-two years old, and a lawyer by profession. He was appointed by Cleveland in his previous administration, and reappointed in April, 1894. For his services in guiding the Territory through its most trying period he has received the salary of \$2,600 a year. He is not a wealthy man and lives within his salary.

In equally unpretentious quarters is the triune presidency of the Mormon Church. Inclosed within cobble-stone walls, buttressed and turreted, in the Lion House of Brigham Young fame, they sit, an autocratic tribunal, and quietly direct the Mormons in political, as well as religious and secular affairs. They are, by name: Wilford Woodruff, the nominal head, and his two councillors, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith.

Born in Farmington, Connecticut, Wilford Woodruff in his youth embraced Mormonism, and came into the Salt Lake valley with the first migration in company with Brigham Young in 1848. He is now eighty-seven years old, still active, still anxious to hold on to the reins of power. He promulgated the famous manifesto, in September, 1890, which expunged polygamy from the tenets of the church, claiming that it came to him as a divine revelation. This act paved the way for statehood for a long-outlawed people.

George Q. Cannon stands next the president, and is the real power behind the throne. Willy and diplomatic, he has secured a large following. He was born in Liverpool sixty-six years ago. He was the Utah delegate to Congress from 1876 to 1886. In the government's anti-polygamy prosecutions, from 1887 to 1889, he was harder to subdue than any of his fellows.

Joseph F. Smith is more mild and naturally devoted to religious interests, such as missionary work. His father was a Vermonter and his mother English. He was born in a Mormon settlement in Missouri, and is fifty-four years old. He carried the Mormon gospel to the Hawaiian Islands in 1854 and formed the nucleus of the present colony of four thousand. He was keeper of the marriage records of the church, which the United States Court during the prosecutions most desired to obtain. Mr. Smith beat a retreat to the Sandwich Islands, and the records went with him. Moved by his influence, and a tradition of their people that their ancestors had come from a great continent over the seas and that some day they shall return to their fatherland, the Hawaiian natives, to the number of about ninety, have removed here, and form an agricultural community near the Great Salt Lake. These transplanted islanders are seemingly happy and prosperous; better

educated, more industrious and ambitious than in their native home. Most of them are young. The oldest is Charles W. Naau, aged sixty-three. He and the other men in the accompanying group are naturalized citizens of the United States. Kiha Nebeka is the best educated. He was the first native to leave the islands for a residence abroad, coming here a boy of eleven in 1873. He speaks English better than his own tongue. Jane, wife of Naau, is a typical Hawaiian woman in face and figure, and might sit for the picture of the deposed queen. Louisa Halemanu is twenty-one, a beauty of her race. Young Hawaii is represented by Joseph Ihaleu, fifteen years old. In him is shown in a marked degree the musical trait of his people. The ballads of his native isles, sung in the Hawaiian tongue, have a plaintive sweetness unexcelled.

There is another class of citizens in Utah as distinct in themselves, the Ute and Washakie Indians, who have become citizens by abjuring tribal relations, taking land in severalty and filing upon it in accordance with government laws. They not only raise stock, a common occupation among Western Indians, but cultivate fields, induced by the force of example set by their Mormon neighbors. The church fed them, gave them implements, and proselytized them. There are two Indian communities in the Territory, one at Washakie, in the northern part, where the Snakes and Shoshones are colonized; the other of Utes in the southern part, near Ephraim, on the Rio Grande Western Railroad. The Indian citizen in the illustration belongs to this settlement. He is quite rich—has a farm, cattle, and horses. His father was a chief, known to the settlers as Henry. It is related of him that as he was following a trail over the hills, long before the advent of the white men, a man or apparition appeared to him, telling him of a race of pale-faces that would come over the mountains, and bade him watch for and befriend them. When the first party of Mormons came his superstitious nature saw the fulfillment of the prophecy. He affiliated with the settlers, but his son grew up wild with the tribe. The young man went often to the Catholic missions in Colorado as well as to the Mormon villages. As a result he got rather mixed in his religion. So much so that in hearing the claimed revelations of the Mormons he asked whether Joseph Smith and Jesus Christ were the same man.

Among the citizens of Utah the Mormon widow plays no insignificant part. They call themselves Edmunds widows, saying that as the Edmunds law made them widows they call themselves after him.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells is a type. She is editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, and the leader of her class. She was born in Worcester County, Massachusetts, and is sixty-five years of age. She was "number six" to General Wells, councillor to Brigham Young. The Mormon women are all suffragists. For seventeen years they voted in Territorial elections until disfranchised by Congress in 1887. They will regain suffrage when Utah becomes a State, for in this they are supported by the men of their church.

It has long been said that the influx of Gentiles (non-Mormons) is the salvation of Utah, and the influx has begun. In 1886 there were but 23,000 people in Salt Lake City, almost entirely Mormons. Now the population is 60,000, with a majority of non-Mormon voters. It may be that in time other people will swarm over the mountains and descend upon the valleys and outnumber the original zealot settlers, as occurred in California, and that their temples and tabernacles, and lofty, excluding walls will crumble and decay, as have the Spanish missions and the race that reared and prayed in them.

HERBERT HEYWOOD.

The Theatrical Season in New York.

ONE of the most popular plays of the season is Mr. Hoyt's "A Temperance Town," which has been running at the Madison Square Theatre. The scene of the play is laid in a village of a prohibition New England State, and its design is to show the intolerance and insincerity of the temperance fanatic. The local coloring of the play is admirable: the village bar-room, the dry, quaint humor of the village toppers; the raid upon the place, the hiding and discovery of the contraband liquor, are all delightful bits of comedy. Miss Caroline Miskell enacts the part of Ruth, the heroine of the piece, with great feeling and effectiveness. But she does not deserve all the praise which has been lavished upon her. Nature has endowed her with a charming personality, an inborn sweetness of manner, and a pleasant and well attuned voice; but in the employment of these attributes Miss Miskell has yet very much to accomplish. As

Miss Miskell, however, is a new-comer, and from her appearance as modest and unassuming as she is beautiful, perhaps in time art may, through experience and study, come to her aid and give her a more thorough and finished stage manner.

At Koster & Bial's concert hall there is now on the programme every evening one of the most noted variety singers of the day. This is the English woman, Bessie Bellwood, famous in London for unconventional pranks with the more dissolute of the English nobility as companions. Her singing, though not bad, is not her chief claim to distinction. This comes from her gift at rude badinage and a quickness and personality of retort that would almost have silenced the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, himself, though he were always in as good form as Boswell shows him when boating on the Thames.

The picture of Francis Wilson shows that very comical and mirth-provoking actor in the vagabond's part in "Erminie." This part was the one in which Mr. Wilson first achieved that fame which led quickly also to fortune, and those who have seen him in it will always smile when they recall his infectious drollery—a drollery that even made his brother actors lose their gravity, though they had seen him do and heard him say the same things many hundred times.

Our illustration of "Young Ed. Sothern," as he is affectionately called by his friends, shows him as *Sheridan*, in the play of that name at the Lyceum Theatre. "Sheridan" is one of those happy strokes at play-writing which not only tickle the senses, but please the eye as well. There are the costumes of long ago, the olden-time manners and sentiment; all helping to please and amuse, and although the author has taken liberties as to historical accuracy, which for his purpose is also his privilege, the play contains, indirectly, of course, instruction, as well as entertainment. The character of *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, as drawn by Mr. Potter for Mr. Sothern, is somewhat idealized upon what we have learned and know of the original, but, of course, this is a playwright's license, and after all, the play-going public are willing to accept any portrait that is within reason. As Mr. Sothern plays the part, Sheridan was a manly, high-principled fellow, with absolute confidence in himself, and courage and *sang froid*, which he, out of his Irish ancestry, came by most honestly. Mr. Sothern invests his creation of the part with a great flow of spirits, and from the time he enters upon the scene the action of the play never flags.

Sol Smith Russell holds a rather different relation to the stage from that of most noted players, having taken to it from the pressure of a natural and irresistible gift for its work, rather than from the force of environment. His genius for the stage was stimulated and given direction while he was yet a boy, by intimate association with Sol Smith, for whom he was named, and who was one of the most versatile and effective of comedians when our stage boasted of Burton and Hackett and Owens and De Bar, and the memory of the Placides and others was still fresh. Starting humbly, he has made his way by hard work and study to the position he now enjoys as a comedian. We give elsewhere an illustration of a scene in the play of the "Peaceful Valley," in which he recently appeared at Daly's Theatre.

Miss Constance Levein, who made her *début* upon the stage of the Fifth Avenue Theatre recently in the character of *Lady Stutfield* in



MISS CONSTANCE LEVEIN.

"A Woman of no Importance," is the daughter of Douglass A. Levein, for years a member of the *Herald* editorial staff, and now of the *World*. Miss Levein is a very pretty young lady. She is of pronounced brunette type, and her lustrous black eyes would attract attention in any salon in the world. She is vivacious and graceful, and she possesses a stage bearing which almost marks her a veteran. She dresses in exquisite taste, and delivers Oscar Wilde's crisp society parlor lines with distinguished intelligence and archness. She has had no stage training beyond that which was imparted briefly in the Fifth Avenue School of Acting, but the press of the city is unanimous in pronouncing her work a success so far. Miss Levein has literary ability, and she has written considerable matter for the press. She is trying her hand on a comedy now, and altogether she has a most brilliant future.

Baths and Bathing.

BATHING, of course, is primarily for the sake of cleanliness, but it very soon becomes a matter of luxury, and is practiced for its own sake without much reference to the original necessity. Bathing among the refined people in the civilized world is to-day undoubtedly much more general and much more a matter of course than it ever was before, but the public bath has not yet assumed the importance that it held in ancient times. Modern public baths, though not as large as those in ancient Rome, are in all probability actually more luxurious. The Turkish bath, which is probably more generally used in the great American cities than any other, is really of Roman origin. How these Turkish baths happened to be introduced into northern Europe and then into America is an interesting little story. A Mr. Urquhart was English minister in Constantinople. When he returned to London he missed his Turkish bath, and wrote a little book called the "Pillars of Hercules," in the hope of introducing the baths in England. This was in 1854 or thereabouts. His book attracted the attention of the famous Dr. Erasmus Wilson, and he, with several friends, built a small private bath. People of fashion and position heard of this, and there was a desire for a public bath. A company was formed, with Mr. Urquhart as president, and the "Hamman" was built in Jermyn Street, where it still flourishes. Two years later, in 1859, there was a Turkish bath in Fourth Street, in New York City.

But in 1859 the Turkish bath in New York was not used as it is now by any means. People did not go to it at regular intervals because they enjoyed it, but they went because their physicians sent them and the baths were a part of their treatment. And, by the way, it is interesting to note that the first physicians to recommend patients to take these baths were Germans—Dr. Conrad being one of them. These learned gentlemen had not then been long away from Germany, where some people do not bathe either for fun or for anything else if they can help it. Up to a recent period Germany was probably worse off for baths than any country in Europe. If a traveler asked for a bath at a German hotel he was told that he couldn't have it; if he insisted, the landlord looked upon him as a sort of dangerous lunatic who must be humored, and a bath of some sort prepared for him. Then it was whispered about the hotel that a very strange person meant to bathe himself, and all the servants and many of the guests were wont to ask permission to witness the very remarkable performance. This was years ago; things are better now. The Japanese probably find more real comfort in the bath than any other people. With them it has become such a necessity that if a Japanese were told that he would have to give up either his food or his bath he would pretty surely say that eating was less necessary. In Japan the sexes do not separate for the bath, and this is also true of the Russian peasants. In Russia the baths are usually primitive in construction, being not much more than a frame house, with a floor of tiling and with benches of stone. Fires are built in these houses until the house is very warm and the floor and benches quite hot. Then, after the fires have been removed, water is thrown on floor and benches, and a vapor or steam arises. The bathers sit around until in profuse perspiration. Then they run out and roll in the snow, or if there is no snow they throw water on each other. In the bath, by the way, the massage is not used, but flagellation instead. Each bather has a bundle of switches, which he dips in soap-suds, and then they thrash one another. The sensation of this kind of a whipping is said to be very pleasant.

Nowadays a public bath of any completeness must have facilities for giving both the Turkish hot-air bath and the Russian vapor bath. And these have grown greatly in popularity since the bath was established in 1859 in Fourth Street, for very many men of sedentary pursuits look upon either a Turkish or Russian bath as an absolute necessity at stated periods. And further than this, the physicians very generally prescribe them for patients under certain circumstances. A glance at the outlines of the history of the best-known baths in America—those in Lafayette Place, New York City—will show how the habit of bathing in this fashion has grown. When the baths were established in Fourth Street in 1859, they were small and rather rude, the benches and reclining places being merely pine boards. In 1869 the present proprietors of the Lafayette baths bought the Fourth Street establishment and made radical improvements—substituting marble slabs for pine boards, for instance. By this time the baths began to be used by others than invalids, and soon the place was too small to comfortably

accommodate the patrons. A house was therefore secured in Lafayette Place, No. 18, and larger and better baths built. In 1879 this one house was too small, and No. 16, next door, was secured, and the baths made more than twice as large. By this time there were thousands of patrons, and not one in ten bathed for health, but rather because of the luxury of the operation. Now it is a fixed habit, and the Lafayette Place baths are used something as a club is used; for it is a hospitable establishment, and a man can get about everything he can need there, from a dinner to a bed-room. Many gentlemen who are going out in the evening have their dress-clothes sent to the baths, and then, after a sweat, a swim, a rub, and a nap, they don their evening toggery and go out from the world of business to the world of society, new men and scrupulously clean.

Making Butter.

OVERHEAD the maple trees,
All around the southern breeze,
Birds a-singing everywhere;
Circling through the golden air:
Rub-a-dub! Pit-a-pat!
A fig for fame and all o' that!

Polly's arms are white as milk;
Polly's hair is fine as silk;
Polly's eyes are bright as stars,
Glimpsing through the jetty bars
Of her lashes. Pit-a-pat!
What reck's Polly of all that?

Morning-glories on the wall,
Red and purple, fresh and tall,
Nodding on so frail a stem,
Make a deep embroidered hem
On the blue sky. Rub-a-dub!
Polly gets the butter-tub.

Twenty pats like rolls of gold,
Pinked with clover-blossom mould,
Fresh as mountain dew, and sweet;
And where pat and pattern meet
Diamonds gather. Pit-a-pat!
Polly's hands are white and fat.

There are dimples at each joint,
The pink tips are fine of point,
And the elbow—glancing higher—
Is an elbow to admire,
Dimpled, too, and—pit-a-pat!
Made for kisses and—all that.

Polly doesn't know she's fair
As a Naiad, standing there,
'Neath the morning-glory vine,
Flecked by shadow and sunshine;
She's my sweetest cart—pit-a-pat!
There, my rub—lips, take that!

BELLE HUNT.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Hon. James H. Blount.

A FACE on whose lines and between may be read an indomitable pugnacity of spirit, an obstinate, tenacious will, and a dogged self-belief which enfolds itself in its own ideas, almost defiantly set in its own opinions, and closes its eyes to all opposite view, saturnine and aggressively satisfied. The brow suggests a stable and resolute rather than brilliant mind, and reflective and concentrative powers far beyond the average. In the nose is a pronounced individuality, but it is the mouth, most eloquent of



HON. JAMES H. BLOUNT.

features, which supplies the touchstone of a character which is absolutely fearless, and under all circumstances possesses the courage of its own convictions. By the mouth, its curves and its contour, is indicated an ardent temperament which does not seek outlet in channels of ordinary enthusiasm or emotion, but is practical and matter-of-fact, casting its intensity into the life of every day; dogged and unwavering in pursuit, and defiant, contumacious, and unbending in resistance. He is sometimes illogical, is often narrow, is prejudiced and ungenerous, but he is never weak, is always honest, is a vigorous champion, a dangerous opponent, a bull-dog in the field of his endeavors.



SCENES IN THE PLAY OF "SHERIDAN"—E. H. SOTHERN IN THE TITLE ROLE.



MISS CAROLINE MISKELL IN "A TEMPERANCE TOWN."



SOL SMITH RUSSELL IN THE "PEACEFUL VALLEY."

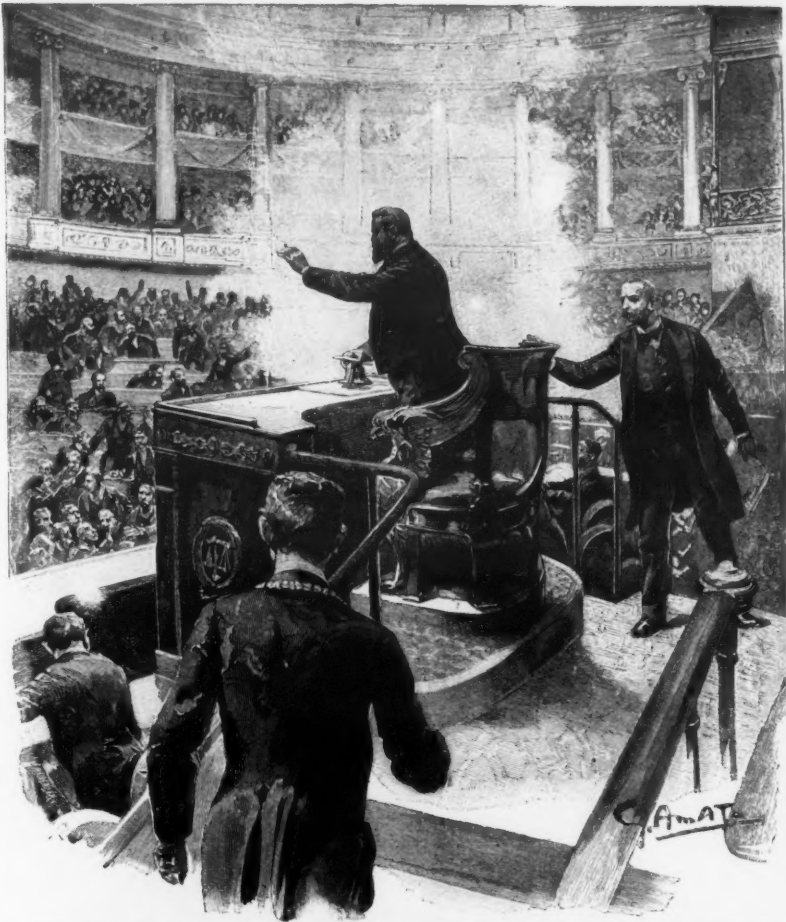


FRANCIS WILSON AS THE VAGABOND IN "ERMINIE."

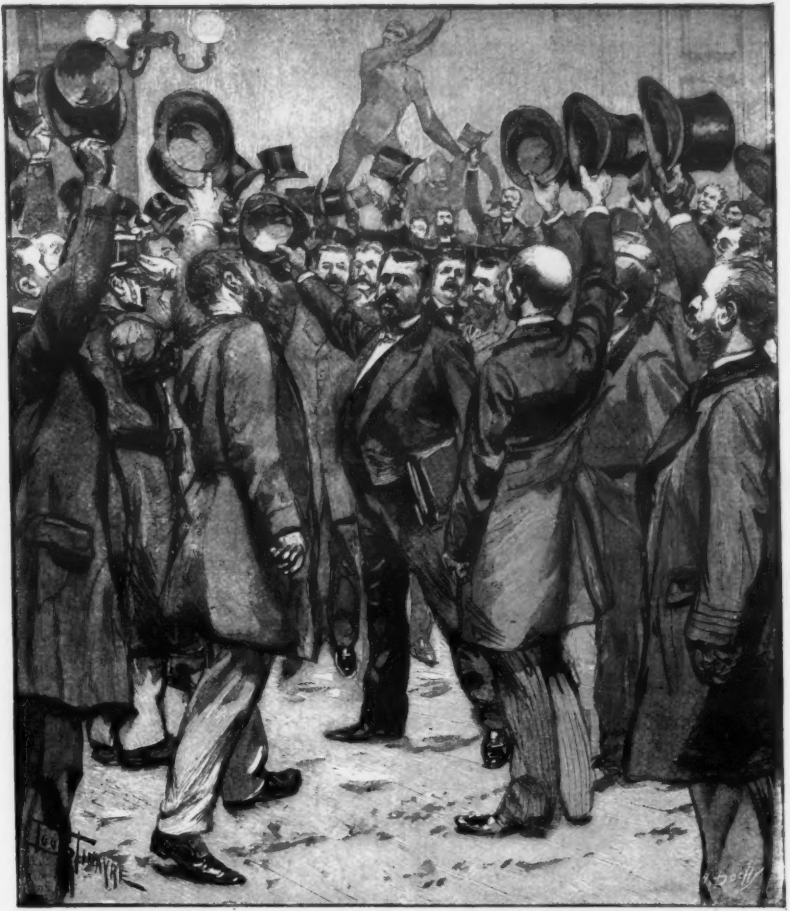


BESSIE BELLWOOD, THE ENGLISH CONCERT-HALL SINGER.

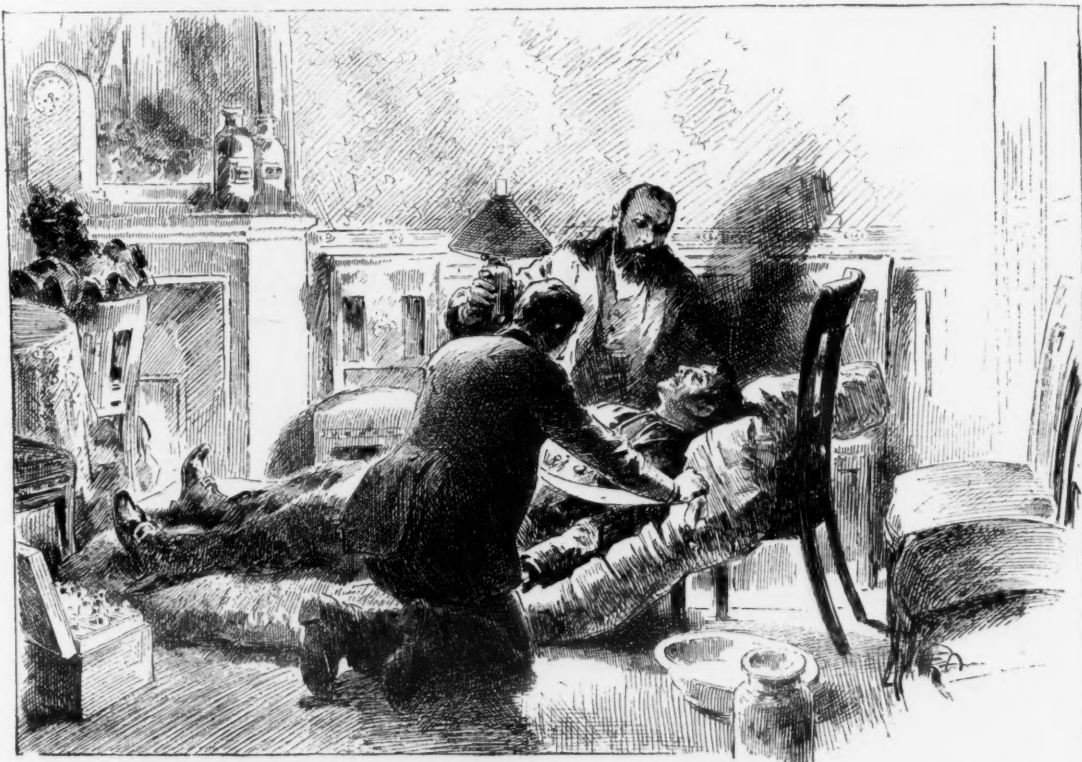
THE THEATRICAL SEASON IN NEW YORK CITY—SOME RECENT AND PRESENT PLAYS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SABONY AND FALK.—[SEE PAGE 27.]



THE BOMB EXPLOSION IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—M. DUPUY, PRESIDENT :
"GENTLEMEN, THE SESSION WILL CONTINUE."



M. DUPUY CHEERED ON RE-ENTERING HIS HOTEL AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



THE EXPLOSION AT THE PALAIS BOURBON, PARIS—ABBÉ LEMIRE, ONE OF THE INJURED, RECEIVING ASSISTANCE.



A BARCELONA BOMB OF FULMINE OF MERCURY.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF ESSEX AND MISS GRANT AT ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.



THE MONSON TRIAL IN EDINBURGH—MONSON PLEADS NOT GUILTY.

MISTAKEN ECONOMY.

SHE (fiancée).—"Well, we've estimated most of the expenses of housekeeping, and there's four hundred dollars of your salary still. Is there anything else?"

HE (fiancé).—"Yes; the cook's hire will be one hundred dollars."

SHE.—"Oh, I mean to cook myself. Anything else?"

HE.—"Yes; doctor's bills—say three hundred and fifty dollars."—Judge.

BASE CALUMNY.

TOURIST (in Ireland).—"Yes, quite true; the view is sublime—so quiet, so peaceful—and yet to think the people here are said to quarrel and fight among themselves without cause or provocation!"

THE GUIDE.—"Well, be me troth! that's a loy, an' Oi kin lick th' blackguard thot sez it."—Judge.

HIS PROUDEST DAY.

TWO fellow-travelers on a western railroad were exchanging reminiscences.

"What was the proudest day of your life?" asked one.

"The day I was married. When I stood up to claim my bride I felt as if all the world were beneath me."

"A very natural feeling."

"Particularly in my case. We were married in a balloon."—Judge.

A NEW SHORT LINE TO FLORIDA.

THE announcement is made of the opening, on December 24th, of another great through line of railway travel between New York and Florida, shortening the distance and quickening the time. The route is by the Richmond and Danville Railroad, in connection with the newly-constructed line of the Florida Central and Peninsula Railroad, via Columbia and Savannah, making one complete line of railroad from Washington to Tampa, Florida, on the Gulf. The Richmond and Danville Railroad has been selected by the government as the route for the great Southern fast mail, and by this new combination with the Florida Central and Peninsular system the New York papers will reach Jacksonville the following morning after publication at nine o'clock, many hours earlier than heretofore.

New York passengers can leave New York at 4:30 P.M., in through sleeper for Jacksonville and Tampa, and arrive at Jacksonville next evening, or on the fast mail leaving New York at 12:15 A.M., and Washington at 11:01 A.M., through sleeper New York to Jacksonville. The line will operate dining-car service between Washington and Jacksonville.

For Throat Troubles,

COUGHS, and Hoarseness, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple, yet effective remedy. For over forty years they have been recommended by physicians and known all over the world as one of the few staple Cough remedies.

WHEN the first Napoleon gave an elaborate banquet at Versailles it was always topped off by a Marie Brizard & Roger cordial. They are still on sale and the quality never changes. T. W. STEMMER, Union Square, New York.

MOTHERS give Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to stop looseness of the bowels.

TOO MANY

to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world, accompanied with photographs of beautiful babies. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

It is very difficult

to convince children that a medicine is "nice to take"—this trouble is not experienced in administering



Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil. It is almost as palatable as milk. No preparation so rapidly builds up good flesh, strength and nerve force. Mothers the world over rely upon it in all wasting diseases that children are heir to.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Cuticura SOAP

The most Effective Skin Purifying and Beautifying Soap in the World. The Purest, Sweetest and Most Refreshing for Toilet Bath and Nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.



"MY DEAR FELLOW, there was always something to admire in that girl; but now she is positively beautiful. Her hair, so rich and wavy, shows the perfection of care; her teeth are like ivory; her cherry-red lips are enchanting, and a more exquisite complexion I never saw." "But, John, you should not forget that the object of your adoration has made herself lovely by the use of

CONSTANTINE'S Persian Healing PINE TAR SOAP.

It is now no longer a secret that this INDISPENSABLE ARTICLE FOR TOILET USE is a PURIFYING AGENT OF WONDERFUL VIRTUES. It is harmless and inexpensive, but if you obtain the Original, which bears CONSTANTINE'S name, you will be able to HEIGHTEN EVERY CHARM which adds PERFECTION to

FEMALE LOVELINESS.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

Portable Parlor HEATERS

The only Marvelous FUEL

Send for Catalogue
U. S. FUEL CO., Ltd.,
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ESTABLISHED SINCE 1882. NEW YORK.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST-SUPPER. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

A MAIDEN'S NAME.

"WHAT shall we name her?" said Mrs. Darley as she gazed fondly at her first-born.

"We'll name her Yorick," replied Mr. Darley. "Yorick?" echoed his wife. "Why, that's a masculine name."

"Indeed it is not. Didn't Shakespeare say, 'A lass, poor Yorick'?"—Judge.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

A BAND of anarchists were parading with a banner bearing the inscription, "Liberty! Fraternity! Equality!"

"What does that mean?" asked a spectator of a well-dressed citizen.

"Cheese! Pretzels! Lager!" returned the plutocrat.—Judge.

BRAZILIAN NEWS.

EDITOR.—"Any fresh news from Brazil?"

ASSISTANT.—"Not a line."

EDITOR.—"Say the man who was killed a week ago last Thursday at Rio is still dead, and make a column of it."—Judge.



RHEUMATIC

Sciatic, sharp and shooting pains, strains and weaknesses relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. It instantly relieves weak, painful kidneys, back ache, uterine pains and weaknesses, coughs, colds and chest pains. It vitalizes the nervous forces, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness when all others fail.

Price, 25c.; five, \$1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"Commend



to Your Honorable Wife"

—Merchant of Venice. and tell her that I am composed of clarified cottonseed oil and refined beef suet; that I am the purest of all cooking fats; that my name is

Cottolene

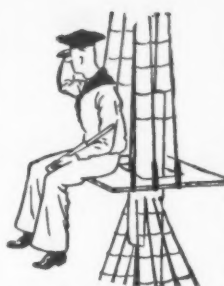
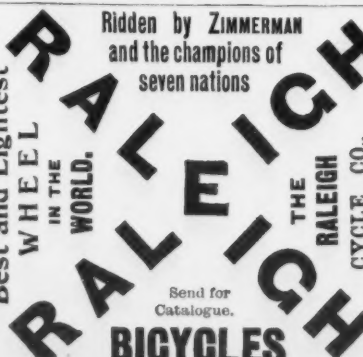
that I am better than lard, and more useful than butter; that I am equal in shortening to twice the quantity of either, and make food much easier of digestion. I am to be found everywhere in 3 and 5 pound pails, but am Made only by

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So popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white. With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste. Sent by mail for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to

E. Cooper & Harcourt, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.



LOOK OUT— for breakers ahead when pimples, boils, carbuncles and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Carbuncles, and kindred ailments, and with Scrofula in every shape, and all blood-taints, if it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. And that makes it the cheapest blood-purifier sold.

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STYLE No. 65.



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Blood-Purifier
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will cure you

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At home or to travel. Team furnished
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sweethearts adore, **FREE. JERSEY INST., Jersey City, N.J.**



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FAMOUS ST. LOUIS BREWERY

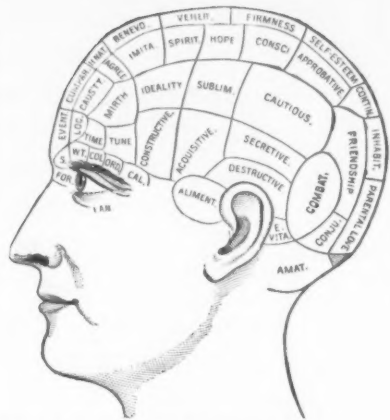
AWARDED THE PRIZE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Special Dispatch to the *Globe-Democrat*.

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No award has ever been made so gratifying to St. Louis people and so justly merited as the one given to-day by the Columbian jury of the World's Fair, consisting of connoisseurs and chemists of the highest rank, to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. By methods of unrivaled business enterprise, and by using the best material produced in America and Europe, excluding corn and other adulterants or surrogates, the different kinds of the Anheuser-Busch beer have become the favorites with the American people, and have now conquered the highest award in every particular which had to be considered by the Columbian jury. The high character of the award given to-day by the jurors will be better understood when it is known that the different beers exhibited by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association had to compete with hundreds of the most excellent displays of other brewers. The fact that no other concern has received so many points for the various essential qualities of good beer confirms anew the firm's reputation as the leader of all American beers.

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MEN AND WOMEN

differ in character as they do in appearance and
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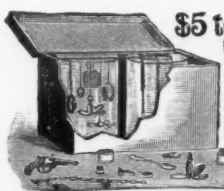
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Wilson's "Memorial History of the City of New
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has been during the present century, and even in
recent years, no lack of attempts to describe the
origin and growth of the American metropolis, but
none heretofore has been made upon a scale com-
mensurate with the importance of the subject; nor
have the methods and results of inquiry conformed
to the high standards of modern historical research."

In General Wilson's work, on the contrary, Mr.
Haseltine justly characterizes his plan of authorship
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possible, since by virtue of it "the exposition of par-
ticular branches of the subject has been confined to
men specially qualified by their studies to speak
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of the characteristics of the modern city, be they in
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make it," declares the editor of the *Morning Adver-
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Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

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